

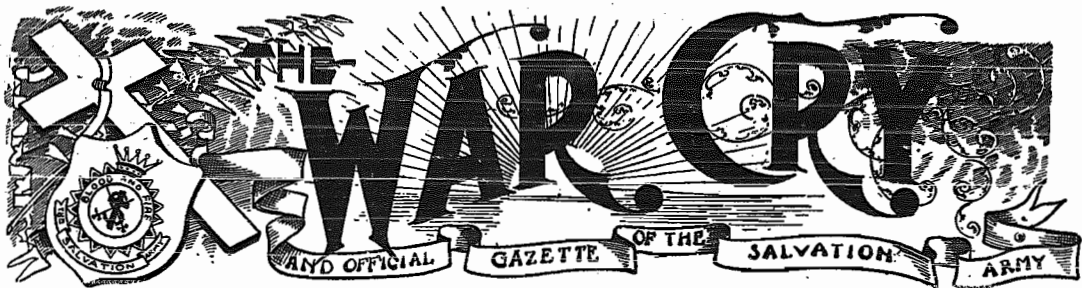
MAY 14 to JUNE 11

THE SIEGE OF THE LOST.

MAY 14 to JUNE 11

TO HEAVEN OR HELL EACH SOUL IS DRIFTING.

Will You Join God and the Army in a life-long effort to turn the people towards Heaven?



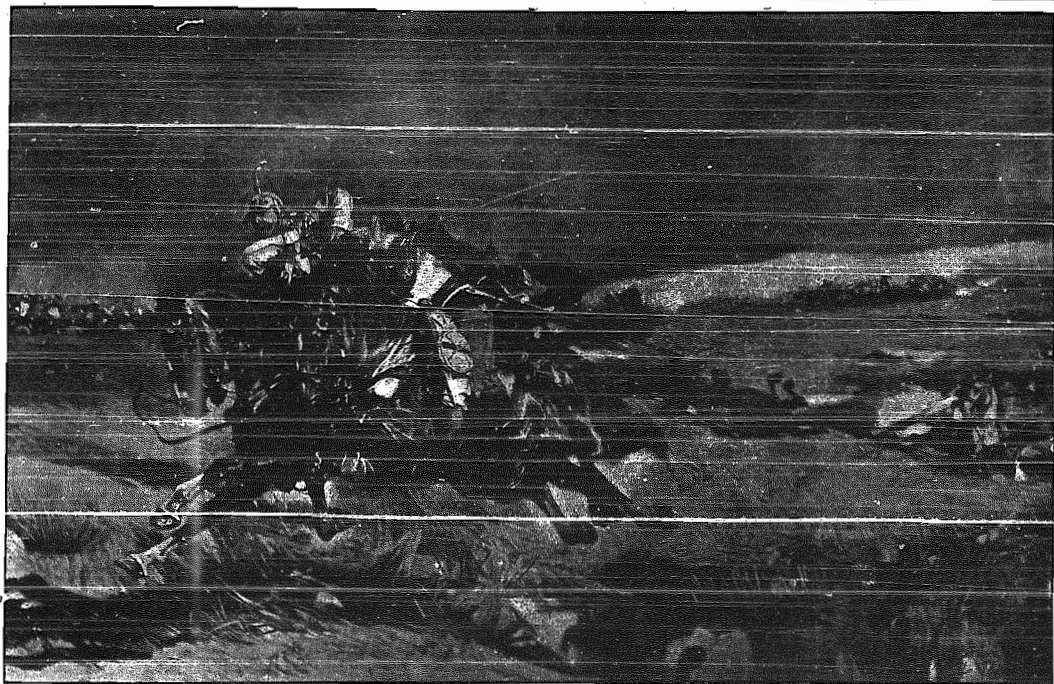
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WILLIAM BOOTH,
General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.
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[EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.]

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DESPERATION DID IT.

DESPERATION DID IT.

THE battle order was perfect, the soldiers skilled, the firing heavy and sustained, the generalship without compeer—but it was the reckless resolution of the troops that won the day. Of how many battles conflicted and conquered on fields of blood has not such been said. Not to the clash and clatter of steel—not to the deadly thrust or swift-winged bullet—not to the genius of strategy or manoeuvre must be attributed the triumph—it was desperation that did it. Each soldier, whether mounted on plunging charger or struggling on foot

over the uneven ground, was in himself the centre of

Such Glorious Defiance.

Every man was consumed with the passion of the hour—every spirit lit with the brilliance of individual responsibility—every heart charged with the inspiring recollection that it bent but to honor or die in a country's cause.

With such a purpose, which might well be termed the passion of war, entrhralling soul and mind, such details as personal danger or death are lost to sight altogether.

Wife may be Widow Before To-Morrow's Day-break.

children fatherless, mother's grey hairs

hewed low in sorrow, tenderest hopes shattered and (ghastliest forgetfulness of all) the insecure moorings of a soul casting adrift upon the waters of damnation—but while the fever of the fight captivates, a man is blind to it all.

Dreadful in its defiance, yet fascinating in its fearlessness, yet but such spirit animate each unit in an army, and that foe must indeed be strong and fierce that can make such a force conquerable. Against tremendous odds of numbers and equipment, such valor and such determination has swept aside defeat.

Made Practical the Impossible

and written its record in three blazing

words across the victory, "Desperation did it!"

Like all other forces of nature might desperation has been turned to evil as well as good account. There have been some crimes so deep that only desperation could have made their perpetrator blind and bad enough to plunge into them. The worst deeds of the worst men which stain the page of history have been wrought by desperate hands impelled by desperate minds. Into the lower, darker depths of cruelty and wrong there are few base enough to plunge in cold blood. But

A Desperate Man will do Anything,

stay at no iniquity, no matter what

(Continued on Page 3.)

THE SALVATION ARMY IS ENGAGED IN A SIEGE AGAINST THE POWERS OF DARKNESS FOR THE SALVATION OF THE PEOPLE.

Officers are needed to help in this war. Will you be one? Write while the Siege Call is on to Field Commissioner Miss Booth.

GO TO HEAR THE GLAD "WELL DONE."

CADET JULIA CARLISLE,
Trailing Garrison, Lippincott.

The Headquarters Staff had met for the noonday knee-drill as usual, during which the Chief Secretary, Colonel Jacobs, announced the promotion to glory of our dear comrade. It came as a shock to all present, especially as the fact of her illness was scarcely known.

This made the second death in less than a week amongst the comrades in Toronto.

The funeral service was conducted by Brigadier Gaskin, assisted by Staff-Captain Hargrave, Adjutant Stanyon, the Headquarters Staff Band and officers from the various city corps. A large crowd thronged the barracks, and as the strains of the funeral march pealed out every heart was solemnized.

The circumstances surrounding the life and death of our glorified comrade vested the proceedings with more than ordinary pathos. An orphan, and as far as could be gathered, homeless, before coming to Canada two years ago. Little was known of the previous life of Cadet Carlisle, but shortly after her arrival in Brockville, Ont., she sought the salvation of God at the Army penitential form. From the very first our comrade showed signs of more than ordinary ability, and bade fair to develop into a warrior for God and the Army. Her whole-souled singing was one of her principal talents, and coupled with genuine godliness made her a woman of influence and power. This was more particularly manifested in her holding meetings in a place where there was no Salvation Army, but where her efforts were gloriously owned and blessed of God.



CADET JULIA CARLISLE.

Testimonies to her life as a soldier, candidate and Cadet were given by Staff-Captain Hargrave, Adjutant Stanyon, and Mrs. Adjutant Creighton, the latter being visibly affected as she spoke of the one who so recently, though but for a period of six short weeks, had been under her direct care.

The results of the service held in the Lippincott barracks that bright April afternoon will be seen again, even though it be "after many days."

The funeral procession headed by the officers and Headquarters Staff Band in their bright scarlet uniform attracted the solemn attention of the people as it proceeded slowly towards the cemetery. The Cadets in the Garrison were the principal mourners.

A short impressive service at the graveside, and we laid her remains in the grave until "the morning." K.

A Spiritual Thermometer.

Take your temperature.
212 deg.—Boiling. Enthusiastic, goes to meeting, gets others to go, works anywhere, in meeting or out of meeting, works for souls.

98 deg.—Blood heat. Very much alive, goes to meeting, leads the meeting, prays, speaks.

60 deg.—Temperate. Alive, goes to meeting, takes part occasionally, usually found on the back seat.

32 deg.—Freezing. Dying, goes to meeting occasionally, never takes part.
0—Zero. Dead, never goes to meeting.

What is your temperature? (Rev. III, 15, 16.)

THEY lay there altogether; a few little brown grains of corn. They must have been writing-table drawer for years, and they looked rather forlorn and desolate rolling to and fro in the palm of my hand.

And they seemed yet more insignificant as I looked from them to the golden cornfields that waved outside in the sunshine. They were resting in the hundredfold increase foretold by the Saviour's lips, and my little dusty handful seemed as though they almost reproached me; it was as though they said, "Why have we been denied the joy of harvest? For us there is no increase, no ripe golden ears, no song—we are only a little harvest and drier, and dustier than we were." And I waited and thought.

"I have been a Christian now for a very long time," she said, "but in my office, but somehow there seems so little result to all my work. I don't know how it is, I used to feel it was all right if I just took my classes, but lately I've wanted something more. Of course, I think my girls behave better, they don't seem quite so rough as they were, and they are very fond of me, but I feel very discouraged sometimes; no one gets really changed or converted, and all I do is to do my best, and I wonder why it is."

"If these little grains of wheat can't share in the harvest," I thought as I looked at them, "at any rate they are wheat. They are not chaff, but real good corn, and all through the wet and cold and frost of the past winter they lay warm and dry in my room; they have never felt the damp earth—no, nor have they been asked to die, and the Saviour's words came before me, 'Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die—it abideth alone.'"

"Yes, that is the difference between us and the wheat grains from which that harvest has come; they seemed to answer, 'They have died—we have not. You shivered us, you kept us from laying down our lives, and now in harvest time we remain only bare grain.'"

"Sometimes I look," my visitor went on, "and I think of all the time and money and strength we spend month after month in teaching and trying to do good, and to help people, and yet it all seems to bring in no result. Why is it? I really love God, and know that I am His child, and yet I don't believe I could tell you of one person who has been converted through my influence. Why is it, do you think? Anything to do with myself? No, I don't think so—how could it be? No; I can't say I believe in these extreme, peculiar sort of ideas. I could never go so far as your people, nor as some others who are not Salvationists. I don't see any need for being so narrow and different to anyone else; and yet I would be glad if I could be of blessing and influence, like so many of your people are."

"Well, even if I might have sown them earlier, never mind, I'll do it

next year," I thought. "They shall have a share in the harvest, even if it be a later one." Ah, but how about the wasted years? They seemed to ask, "Those harvests that passed while we have been lying idle. By now, if we had yielded up our lives when others did, oh, what an increase we should have had! We can never make up for those wasted harvests—never." And I felt almost as though I had wronged the little grains by denying them the privilege of dying, and so preventing the resurrection for which they were created.

"Well, soon after I was first saved, I did feel something of the love and desire!" We had been talking for a long time when this admission came. "I used to think that nothing was too much to do for Christ; you'll hardly believe it!"—and she laughed nervously—"But at one time I seriously thought of joining your Army, but then I knew what it would mean—never, there were difficulties, and my friends said—and I thought that, after all, it wasn't necessary. But, oh, I see what I've missed! I don't mean about as God wanted. I don't mean about the Army only, but a great many other things also. My life would have been a failure. I'm not a bit satisfied with myself. I feel, since my conversion I've been a failure—there seemed so much to give up, and I felt it was so hard. But now I see how God would have helped me, and through me, helped others, but I can never get it back. I feel like never!" And I felt like crying with her.

"But still—it's better to let them die late, than not to die at all. And I remembered how the Bible says that 'bread corn is bruised,' so that either sphere of usefulness—the harvest-field or the 'staff of life'—is only gained through the gate of death. I'll put them into the earth—and leave them there, that is my part—to let them die, to relinquish all claim or hold upon them. No longer to stand between my little wheat-grains and any bitter frosts or chilling rains that God may send; and He does the rest, for 'we sow not that body that shall be, but bare grain—and God giveth it a body, as it hath pleased Him.'"

"So sowing of the little grains is my part, but the raising of them, clothed and beautiful, is His. And to every seed that we are willing should die and lose its life, the Word tells us its own body is provided."

"Do you really think, then, that it is not too late for me?" I groined Edna so I must have disobeyed Him hundreds of times. Do you think He still has a path of usefulness and blessing open to me?

"No! I don't mind how little it is, nor what it costs me. I only want His will and His glory. But can I, after all these years of warfare, can I have this life of victory, and lead others to know Jesus, when I'm only just learning to know Him fully myself?"

"If it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

the barn and, of course, the police were notified. An officer responded and found the little fellow sown asleep in the hay.

He was taken to the station and a charge of vagrancy hooked against him. When searched two pennies were found in his possession. The pennies and the old suit of clothes which he wore represented all that he possessed of this world's goods. As the little outcast stood before the sergeant's desk he noticed the Mercy Box of the Salvation Army at one corner of the

desk, to received donations from the charitably inclined. He gazed at the little tin box for a moment and then dropped his head and wept. One of the policemen remarked that he had better save his money to "square things with the judge." The boy replied, "The Army has given me something to eat when I was hungry, and a place to sleep when I was tired and cold, and I guess the judge ain't a-going to get my last coin."

In the police court yesterday morning the lad told the story of how he was left without friends or money. Since his parents' death he had been living the life of a tramp. Judge Manning released him and a kindhearted patrolman took him to a restaurant and paid for his breakfast.

A SOUL'S DISOBEDIENCE.

A BAD BUT TRUE STORY.

SOME years ago there entered one of our Army halls, a bright young girl, more for the curiosity of seeing what the Army was like than any other cause.

But while sitting there listening to the truths as they were uttered, she saw herself as a sinner as never before. She looked up to see the face of her need of Him, and one night she knelt at the foot of the Cross pleading for mercy, and His who is always "faithful and just to forgive," said, "Go in peace and sin no more." She rose to her feet.

A Pardoned Soul.

and for weeks, months and years was an out and out soldier of the Cross. By-and-by came the call to leave friends, home and all. "Go, work in my vineyard." The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few."

She sent in her application. Was accepted. Orders came to farewell and to go to the place of training in H—, But her eldest sister, with whom she lived (for both parents were dead) said, "You go in the Salvation Army work? Never! You are under my care, and you will never disgrace me by leaving home and going with that crowd." And the poor, young girl, faithful and true, listening to her sister's threatening voice, failed to obey the still small voice of God. She lost her power with Him, and in a few weeks more drifted

Back Into the Beggarly Mainstream of the World.

What could she do now? Her power was gone. She had listened to friends and disobeyed God, and now she must go to the world, with all its temptations, for pleasure.

Weeks and months passed by and the poor girl went further and further into sin, and went to places that only a few months before she would have shuddered at the very thought of. She went on and on in her sin, till one night between the hours of eleven and twelve we were standing at the door of the Rescue Home, asking for admittance.

Yes, that very girl that once sat on the platform and enjoyed the same holding back of the very things she invited them to Christ. She disobeyed God and now reaps the result. This is but one of many who, through disobedience to God, have been brought to bitter sorrow and disappointment, and at last have been glad to seek the shelter of one of our Rescue Homes. Emma Sharp, Lieutenant, St. John, N. B.

Daily Messages from the Syrian Version of the New Testament.

Sunday, May 29th.—All flesh shall see the life which is in God. Luke II, 4.

Monday, May 30th.—Thy faith hath given thee life: go in peace. Luke VIII, 48.

Tuesday, May 31st.—For my life is the Messiah. Phil. I, 21.

Wednesday, June 1st.—Prosecute the work of your life more abundantly. Phil. II, 12.

Thursday, June 2nd.—According to the energy of an indissoluble life. Heb. VI, 16.

Friday, June 3rd.—He is able to vivify for ever them who come to God by Him. Heb. VII, 25.

Saturday, June 4th.—For He always liveth and sendeth up prayers for them. Heb. VII, 25.

Last Penny to Help Others.

Comrade Wiekerson, of Helena, Montana, sends us the following:

Henry Page, 11 years old, was in the police court yesterday morning charged with being a thief. The lad is an orphan and the only defence that he had committed, so far as the authorities know, was to steal his way into the police court. He was taken to the hay. Some one saw him enter

DESPERATION DID IT.

(Continuer from Page 1.)

loss to character, or risk to soul such may occasion. The desperation of misfortune—to what depravity has it not driven tens of thousands; the desperation of sorrow—to what terrible lengths of wickedness and woe has it not allured; the desperation of despair—has there been any treasure of virtue or beauty too precious for it not ruthlessly to destroy, in the maddest hour of its madness.

If sinners were not desperate, sin would not be so serious a foe to overthrow.

The Terrible Pace of Wrong-doing

was not urged by the impetus of desperation. Its speed could not be so swift or so deadly.

Oh, how God must pity from heaven the desperate in trespasses on earth. How with howling woe and lamentation must we whose souls are quickened to feel regard those who with eyes blinded, minds clouded, sense of right obliterated, and consciences smothered, embrace what is evil. Health carelessly disregarded by the desperate for pleasure, character trodden under foot by the desperate for wealth, and paying all along the line tremendous sacrifices for momentary pleasing, the mighty multitude of the world's transgressors sweep onward. Who will stand in the stream of iniquity and counteract the swelling tide?

There are so Few to Stop or Stay.

Alas! that those who do heed the undertone of sorrow that mingles with the desperate clamor of sin are often so ill-equipped to cope with its ravages. Too often our wickedness has been attacked by a goodness which is chiefly in sentiment and is feeble in force.

How the world has laughed up its sleeve when an irreproachable profession has brought its dainty endeavors to arrest those who in their mad rush in sin have long since vanished. All consideration for so outward a possession as a profession.

Would we as Salvation soldiers be

A Match for the Foe?

Then our goodness must be strong enough to counterbalance the evil and our consecration as aggressive as is theirs. While the world is desperate to be saved, we must be able to afford to be half-hearted for righteousness? If upon the man cursed by sin's desperation we can bring no better, stronger lever than that of an imperfect consecration, we may anticipate failure before our first effort is completed.

Let us search our hearts and look with discerning eyes upon our service. Have we the desperation which wins?

First Fights and then Wins?

Is there yet any remnant of fear against the foe of the world has to be when the scorn or shrinking from fighting when that fighting brings us loss, or are we like those soldiers in our picture, reckless of each other's lives or reputation (save that of coward) in our desperate determination to do, dare and conquer?

True, desperate sinners are the laughing-stock of the world, but it is

They who Make It Tremble.

True, publicity so painful to sensitive spirits must beat its fierce lightning upon desperate service, but such gives the more opportunity to witness the reality of the spirit of Christ's Cross. Though men may scorn, men are forced to believe in such desperate efforts, and the graves have been first in their own earnestness, and then in the object of such zeal. And it is through the whole-hearted devotion and recklessness of self-interest,

Desperate Doers of the Will of God.

that His name is most magnified, and His way best furthered in the hearts of men.

After all if there is some price to pay—shall we not pay it. Christ drew no line at suffering or loss to win a world's redemption, nor if to reach the standard of soldierly success, and of soul-saving usefulness which is God's ideal for you and I, there is some hardness to be endured, some loss to be brave to? No regrets can ever follow being desperate in love and duty to God, the flag and souls. A. L. P.

REASON MAKES US MEN, BUT IT NEEDS GRACE TO MAKES US SAINTS.

DON'T BE RELIGIOUSLY FIT, BUT LET GOD FIT YOU TO BE RELIGIOUS.

MISS BOOTH WITH THE KLONDIKE PARTY.

Further Peregrinations and Record-Making.

YESTERDAY, to-day, forever, Jesus is the same. He has been the chorus of the tour. It was, therefore, the one which most readily sprung to our lips when we knelt in the Indian's tepee, near Brandon. A friend had kindly offered a buggy to drive the Commissioner to the Indian camp near by, while "the boys" followed on wheels. It was a glorious day, the air balmy, the prairie just showing the first tint of fresh grass through the dried brown growth of last year.

About a dozen Indian tents were scattered on the prairie, and in a little hollow, where some undergrowth supplied some natural screen. A swarm of young playful dogs was the first sight that greeted us. Each tepee contained a family of Indians, and there were quite a few small children among them.

The Commissioner visited several of these tepees, squatted down with their tenants while the "lady of the house" entertained us with a conversation carried on by means of fingers, signs and sounds, the latter partly interpreted by Ensign McGill.

Ensign McGill, who joined the Klondike Party here, and who came out of this corps as an officer, spoke, his aged mother in a Hallelujah bonnet sitting behind him on the platform. The Ensign especially pointed out that he asked no credit for the so-called sacrifice made in going to the Klondike, as it was only natural in his endeavor to show his thankfulness to God whose grace would prove in Alaska doubtless as sufficient as he had found it in the past elsewhere.

The "Klondike trio," Ensign Morris, Captain Bloss and Leccoq, sang, and Captain Leccoq also spoke of his conversion in South Africa, as well as his firm trust that God would be his helper. Adjutant Dowell was called upon next and told of his mining experience in Newfoundland. He said that a fellow-passenger on the train approached him saying that he would pay fifteen dollars per day to him and the other officers if he wanted work, but the Adjutant did not think of asking his God and his mission for money, for

Far Better Pay was His.

He was heartily applauded.

Expedition took part and the meeting went in a smooth, free-and-easy style. The solo, rapid and liberally when asked for the collection.

Sunday was a memorable day for Winnipeg. The holiness meeting was conducted by the Commissioner, who spoke with force and fire. Miss Booth said she desired the meeting to be a "ME" meeting, and said it was in every sense. As at Pentecost there fell tongues for the weak, the cowardly, and the unforgiving, so on that Sunday morning we believe the same wave of fire descended to meet the needs of the souls kneeling at the form.

For the meetings on Sunday afternoon the night the Opera House had been engaged, and on both occasions was filled; the people were free, responsive and liberal in their applause and in giving to the collection, thereby showing their keen appreciation of these meetings.

In the afternoon the Commissioner introduced the members of the Klondike Expedition in her original way. The man with lungs like windmills,

A Heart Like an Engine.

clothes-props for arms, feet like canoes—Adjutant Dowell—spoke first.

He rejoiced in his marvellous salvation. Many who formerly did not care whether he had a soul or a girard like a blackbird, afterwards came round with all kinds of advice as to how he could be a Christian without being a fanatic.

Little flaxen-haired Willie, with smiling face and dimpled cheeks, always has the unflattering effect of a ray of sunshine in a crowd. His singing was winsome and carried everybody's applause.

Mrs. Adjutant Stanyon ably asked for the collection with good results.

The Field Commissioner commenced her address by drawing a strong word-picture of the rush and excitement which the Klondike fever has brought to the coast cities. She spoke of the party on the Seattle wharf of husband and wife, father and children, sweethearts and friends. The need of our work in Dawson City was ably set forth and so inspiring that the audience was enlisted for the Expedition.

But not only on the needs of the Klondike and on our plans of operation Miss Booth spoke, but she interspersed, prefaced, and closed off her address with many appeals directed straight to the conscience of her hearers.

The Opera House was filled again at 7:30 p.m. The band led off with the well-known "There's mercy still for sinners." The address by Mrs. Major Jewer and Major McMillan.

Ensign McGill, an Old Wintpogger.

solaced, "I will follow Thee, my Saviour," and Mrs. Adjutant Stanyon, in her well-known winning way pleaded for the collection.

The Field Commissioner, by way of introduction, led the singing of the well-known verse, "Depth of mercy, can there be," and for an hour and a half dealt out burning truths which fell like lightning bolts with convulsing force upon the sinners.

The prayer meeting commenced with the singing of the hymn, "Jesus came out until severer were there for pardon, making a total of fifteen souls for the day."

The prayer meeting with blessings and listened to with rapt attention as the meetings on Sunday were, yet the climax was reserved for Monday night, when "Miss Booth in rags" was the attraction. The Opera House was filled with an expectant crowd, and they were not disappointed.

The Commissioner entered the stage alone.

In Her Ragged Attire, Playing the Accordion.

She wore her slim attire, the ragged skirt, the torn apron, the shoes tied with her apron, and gaily entered stage over her shoulders.

After the usual preliminaries of song and prayer, the Commissioner at once began her address by explaining why she wore these rags, and telling how she found it necessary in order to gain the way into such places of poverty, hunger and vice, and low courts which otherwise would have been inaccessible to her. Miss Booth happily chose to describe to the audience the hardships she had formerly in a "War Cry," by a little bunch of four keys—Love, Sympathy, Sacrifice, Action—on a ring



MAJOR ALEXANDER McMILLAN.

Major Alexander McMillan is Miss Booth's chief representative in North Dakota, Manitoba, North-West Ontario, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Assiniboia, in which provinces there are 51 corps and outposts, 196 officers, a Workman's Hotel and Wood Yard at Winnipeg, a Wood Limit a few miles from Winnipeg, and an Industrial Home for Women. This latter is under the Women's Social Secretary at Territorial Headquarters, but the Provincial Officer takes a responsible oversight over it also.

Miss Booth next introduced Little Willie, whose sweet singing brought unstinted clapping; and, as well as brought a smile on the most sober looking faces.

The Field Commissioner's address was listened to with intense interest and her short introductions of the Klondike Party were much enjoyed, being humorous and yet appropriate.

At dawn we started back to Winnipeg.

Winnipeg gave the Commissioner and the Klondike Party a hearty welcome. All the meetings were well attended, and were counted as a very extraordinary treat by the soldiers and friends.

Some students said that they received the greatest blessing of their lives in the Sunday afternoon's meeting.

A Minister who Wept

nearly all through one of the meetings, was most effective in giving expression to his feelings, and many others look back upon this series of meetings as the date when a definite blessing was received, the effects of which will reach to the shores of eternity.

Saturday night's meeting was held in the barracks and conducted by Major McMillan and Friedrich, assisted by the Klondike Party. The march with the Klondike Party in Arctic costume, with packs on their backs, drew quite a crowd to the open-air and afterwards to the barracks. All the officers of the

who had yielded to the entreaties of Major Friedrich, strengthened by a tempting ten-cent piece, to come to him, but at an attempt of closer acquaintance burst into tears and cried in the international language of human babies.

A Bright Little Indian Boy

Mrs. Adjutant Stanyon conducted a successful afternoon meeting in the Brandon barracks. A goodly crowd was present and the speaker was aided by a friend who was helping to make the night's meeting a triumph.

The Opera House, which had been taken for the night meeting, was filled with an interested crowd of an intelligent class. Quite a few officers had come in to hear the Field Commissioner, and our dear soldiers of Virden and Rapid City had

Driven Over Fifty Miles Across the Prairie

in a hurricane of wind, arriving at Brandon with blistered faces. God bless them. The Field Commissioner's much regretted that she was unable to have a private meeting with the officers and soldiers, but that was out of the question on account of the limited time. Major McMillan opened the meeting with the appropriate "No, we never, never, never will give in." After prayer

Successful Opening of the New Industrial Home AT NORTH TORONTO.

The Mayor of Toronto Presides—Warmly Appreciative Addresses from
Rev. Dr. Potts, Rev. Dr. Parker, and Staff-Inspector Archibald.

A VERY representative audience gathered at the new INDUSTRIAL HOME FOR WOMEN in North Toronto for the formal opening on the evening of Tuesday, May 3rd.

The Rev. Dr. Potts and Rev. Dr. Parker represented Methodism, Rev. Dr. Thomas the Baptists, His Worship Mayor Shaw the Civic side of Toronto, Staff-Inspector Archibald of the Police Department, our friends the officers of law and order. In addition there was a large audience which filled to its utmost capacity the Home Room of the new institution, and a great many other friends and relatives had to stand in the hall and listen as best they could from there. There were present also Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs, Brigadier and Mrs. Margetta, Brigadier and Mrs. Read, and indeed the whole of the Territorial Headquarters Staff.

The Mayor of Toronto will Help

His Worship the Mayor, who presided at the meeting, spoke most highly of the Salvation Army and of the kind of work which was being done by the Women's Social Department. He referred with pleasure to the meetings he had attended at the Army previously, and said he considered himself to be indebted to the Army for its invitation to be present on this occasion. He exhorted us to follow close to Christ, and emphasized this good advice by promising both for himself and on behalf of the City Council to do his best to get a grant for the Women's Social Department. In conclusion he said—to use his own words—“God bless your work, God bless this place, and may this institution, opened under these favorable circumstances, be a blessing.”

Colonel Jacobs Asks for a Big Collection.

Colonel Jacobs, the Chief Secretary, was the first speaker. He spoke warmly and humbly he explained the reason of the Army's departure from the old premises to the present Home, showed that this was a change for the better, and the change that to have stayed where we were, and added, with a twinkle in his eye, “The balance of the money needed amounts to \$3,446.24 which shall be extremely glad to receive from the audience to-night.”

Mrs. Read's Instructive Address.

Following the Colonel, Mayor Shaw called upon Mrs. Read, who, as the representative of the Women's Social Department, represented our leader, Miss Booth.

Mrs. Read delivered an excellent address, instructive and interesting throughout. She spoke of the happiness the present occasion afforded her and co-workers, and the gladness upon which the work is founded, and after that she gave a synopsis of the work in connection with the Women's Social Department during the past two years, interspersed with many interesting stories. KINDNESS, Mrs. Read said, was one of the first lessons in the foundation structure of Social work. It was a key which had unlocked hearts that the prison cell had not been able to open. KINDNESS was another principle. All who come within the scope of the Army's influence are taught industry, but though something was done by this means to maintain the Homes, they never became quite self-supporting, because so many of them were so poor that they were in broken health, but that something was accomplished would be seen from the fact that last year the girls in the Homes earned \$2,000. There was no COMPULSION. It was a HOME. There were no iron bars on the windows nor cast steel rules on the walls, and many who came to the Army had no other place that they could designate by the sweet word “home.” The influence of the Army is not lost when the girls went away, and had been there time, Mrs. Read would have been from a bunch of letters in her hands, and some of the most interesting correspondence from girls who had formerly passed into the Homes, but who are now getting on well. The first child had been called the “Home” Room on purpose that the girls might feel free to come whenever they chose to do so. It was the Home influence that some of them had said, “I will believe anything you tell me, BECAUSE I BELIEVE IN

YOU,” and the Army, which believes there is NO REFORM WITHOUT REGENERATION, sought by example and precept to point them to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.

Under the heading, “What we are doing,” Mrs. Read told of one woman who, after fifteen years living in sin, had come to an Army Home, of the liberty the Army enjoys to enter almost all the prisons in the country, of the fact that 60 institutions are visited by the League of Mercy and of the recent grants voted by the Newfoundland and Manitoba Governments. “The Magistrates,” said the Brigadier, “are helping us, and we are helping the Magistrate. They are sending us their incorrigible people and we take them all in.”

Under the heading, “What has been accomplished,” Mrs. Read told of 1,300 girls who had passed through the Home during the year, and of the very excellent percentage of them who are still saved. In conclusion Mrs. Read thanked those present in the name of the Commissioner, for their prayers, sympathy and practical assistance.

Staff-Inspector Archibald, Chief of the Morality Department, Toronto.

Staff-Inspector Archibald, of the City of Toronto Police, who has been for many years been a staunch friend of the Salvation Army, delivered a stirring and enthusiastic address, as might be expected from one who has done. He said he was pleased to hear His Worship the Mayor speak so favorably of the Army, and he thought the Army was in a position to do it. He mentioned the names of the staff, including Colonel Jacobs, representing the Salvation Army, on one side of him, and Rev. Dr. Potts representing the Methodist side, on the other. The Staff-Inspector spoke highly of the Mayor's regard for all good work, especially that of the Army, and of the good work the workers are doing, and said that in view of the interest the Mayor had taken in the night, and his position as he occupies as Chief Magistrate, he hoped the Mayor would give a grant for the Rescue Work with every confidence be expected. After referring to the work which has been done some years ago, when the now glorified William Howland, assisted by Dr. Potts and others entered the City Council to do his best in introducing the religious element into civic life and the improved morality which followed therefrom, he concluded by saying, “I do not believe the Salvation Army could possibly be engaged in a better work than the Rescue. The longer we have in the Army, the more sympathy with the cause that has been down-trodden. This work has already had the stamp of God's approval. It cannot be called a failure, and there is plenty of money if only the hearts of the people were touched. I am pleased to be here, and will make it my business to do the needs of this work with the Mayor and other members of the City Council.”

Address of Rev. John Potts, D.D., of Victoria College (Methodist).

Our friend, the Rev. Dr. Potts, said, amongst other things, “I have been greatly impressed with this meeting. I am pleased to see that the Army speak as he did at the opening. I felt, as Mrs. Read spoke, that she resembled the founder and his work and there was speaking of the work seen and done. I always think a missionary meeting reaches the best point when it is with a view to the needs of the work done. Is the speaker. Other speakers may be eloquent, but the most eloquent is the one who has come back to the extension of the Redeemer's Kingdom. I was delighted to hear what the Staff-Inspector said about the work of the city—Ed.). This may be attributed largely, I think, to the influence of the Salvation Army. I do not know how it is, but it is of late that the Army is having a growing place in my esteem and affection. I look upon the work of General Booth as one of the most important and religious leaders of the world. I try to measure the place he occupies, and to see how he will occupy, and I thank God for General Booth. I think that while we have not the General in the Dominion, we have the next best thing in the Field Com-

missioner, Miss Booth. I was struck with the address she presented to the General at the Massey Hall. She was soldier than the address itself, from a literary standpoint alone, was of the very highest quality.”

Continuing he said, “The Home is admirably adapted for the purpose in view. Surely, surely the Master will be here. When I heard of my dear friend, Henry Howland, at the ‘Haven,’ (the first Rescue Home in Toronto—Ed.) I felt that it was better for him to be translated from the ‘Haven,’ than the Master came, I suppose it would be to some such place as that He would journey first of all.

“As we grow older and look at life more seriously, the grand thing is we hope to live with Him, and to have as our motto, ‘In Christ, for Christ, with Christ.’”

Rev. Dr. Parker, ex-President of the Methodist Conference, spoke most warmly of the Women's Social Work, and of the General, who he compared with Tolstoi, saying someone had remarked that Tolstoi had “faith to remove mountains,” but General Booth had not only faith, but he had the power, and added words to his faith and did actually move mountains.

The audience responded most liberally to the appeal for finances, giving the sum of \$43 and some odd cents, and while the meeting closed with prayer by Rev. Dr. Potts, and the singing of the coronation song.

Messages expressing regret at comparison about the opening of the Home, were received from the following prominent citizens—Sir Geo. Kirkpatrick, ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario; Mr. W. H. Howland, M.P.; Mr. J. P. Marter, Esq., M.P.P.; ex-Alderman P. S. Spence, Secretary Dominion Affairs; Mrs. Henry Gooderham; Miss M. J. Howland, ex-President of the Dominion W. C. T. U.; Miss Camilla B. Sanderson, Superintendent of the Haven; the oldest established Rescue Institution in the city, Mr. Stephen Howard; Mrs. Jeffers; Mr. Hamilton Cassels; O. A. Howland, Esq.; Mr. W. W. Waring; Mr. Kennedy; Alderman R. J. Score; R. L. Patterson, Esq., C.

STUB ENDS OF NEWS.

If you want to read a really snappy, spicy report, see Captain Wilkins' on the Commissioner's visit to Rat Portage in current issue.

At Woodgreen, London, England, on Tuesday, May 3rd, Rev. Dr. Baugh delivered the first child of a soldier who was saved under him when she was a child.

“The Rescue Work,” the story above, tells of the work of the Army in the city of All the World, on the sea fishery, which will appear with illustrations shortly.

Major Brown, formerly Superintendent of the New London in Pennsylvania, has fallen in health, and with his family has gone on furlough to Denver. His place in Pennsylvania is taken by Major Bell, formerly Social Salvation Army, and now in New York State for nearly two years.

Elijah P. Brown, better known as “the Ram's Horn Man,” by reason of his having been the founder and editor of that paper, and whose pointed sayings and witty paragraphs have been so often quoted, has recently received his connection with the Army. He is preparing some of his writings for publication in book form, and will devote a part of his time to lecturing.

COMING SOON!

A stirring article on a special subject by Brigadier Margetta, Territorial Secretary.

Mrs. Staff-Captain Phillips. A character sketch, with photo.

In and about with London's League of Mercy. Incidents of the late Fair Castrophe, with photos of members.

(Our Serial.)

A WILD WESTERN BOY.

CHAPTER IV.

"PUT ME OFF AT BUFFALO."

At Port D.—Jerry asked the proprietor of a sawmill for work, and upon his representation that he was a first class sawyer he got employment at \$2.00 per day. This was on Thursday. He was immediately taken to a boarding house, where he arranged for his chum unobtrusively to sleep in the stable. At meal time he would put some of the food in his shirt and carry it afterwards to his chum.

Ah, it is true, no matter how wretched and low a human being may sink, there is some portion, however infinitesimal, of that Divine spark which we left that will show itself when least expected, and that spark will be a consecrated flame that will consume all our misdeeds and increase its own intensity thereby.

But I am off the track. Friday and Saturday was spent by Jerry in cleaning up the stable and the machinery, and in the pretence of filling the big circular saw. He succeeded so well in deceiving his trusting employer that the latter advanced him \$5 on his wages. On Sunday night our pretty couple, Jerry and Macky,

Stole a Ride on a Steamer

bound for Buffalo, while the smart man sung, “Oh, put me off at Buffalo!”

“Let us spring an enterprise on the hotel keeper,” said Jerry to Macky, when, weary with a long and tireless foot-journey, they arrived hungry and cold at the hotel. According to a pre-concerted plan they entered and telling the proprietor that they were engaged with repairing the telegraph line, they were given a room for two or three in the neighborhood, they began to bargain for low rates on the hotel and lodging for the week. After some time they were given a room, and they had their supper and were shown to their room. When the morning came they saw the twinkling of their slumber, they consulted about the best way to get out of the place, and tossed up a copper to find out whether it was heads or tails. Heads, leave without waiting for it. The copper showed tails, and that meant it was favorable to an immediate departure without any risks. Hurriedly they stole down stairs, and watching the moment when the bar was empty they made a dash for the door and fled. The bar-tender, however, spied them, and getting out his horse and buggy gave chase, picking up the constable as he went along. When they had nearly caught up with the fugitives they took to the bush, jumping the fence and so gaining somewhat on the pursuers.

On the road took an unexpected turn which the buggy followed, but which they were not aware of. So when they had run a little way and thought they had come upon another road they found that they were all at once confronted by a man with a revolver. Macky was pinned down, and had to give up his coat in payment of the hospitality enjoyed at the hotel. This example of swift retribution, however, did not teach the lesson of “Don't do unto others as you would have others to do unto you.”

After this he tried to get away again. He blackened his face and hands and then entered a lodging house where some one told him an admirably-compounded story, that he had just found work in the Midland Railway shops and could get his pay in advance. He was so much attracted by the landlady wanted to give the young man a start, and agreed for him to stay in the lodging house. Jerry would leave in proper time for work every morning and return home every evening with blackened hands and face, as if he had done a hard day's work. In reality, he spent his day in idleness, loafing around the saloons and all sorts of devilry. At the end of three weeks he was sent away by a canal boat for another town.

(To be Continued.)

WANTED.

COOK AND JANITOR FOR THE QUEBEC SIELTER. A MARRIED COUPLE WITHOUT CHILDREN. BE SUITABLE. OR IF SINGLE, A MAN WHO COOK. PAID WAGE PAID TO SUITABLE PERSONS. SALVATIONIST'S PREFERENCE. APPLY TO ENGLISH PARKER, 16 PALACE ST., QUEBEC.

GAZETTE.

PROMOTIONS—

Ensign A. L. Thomas, of Fargo District, to be Adjutant.

Captain Tooker, of the North-West Provincial Headquarters, to be Ensign.

Captain Larder, of Yarmouth, to be Ensign.

MARRIAGE—

Ensign Edward Fletcher, who came out of Toronto, to Lieutenant Abbott, who came out from England, at the Salvation Army Temple, Toronto, on Thursday, May 5th, by Colonel Jacobs.

WAR CRY

RICH SALVATION EXPERIENCES IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

SOULS! Souls! Souls! Outpourings of the Spirit of God, resulting in the salvation of many precious souls, have been experienced at Brigus, Twillingate, Tilt Cove, Clarenville, Clark's Harbor and Botwoodville, and our Newfoundland troops on April 29th were in the splendid position of being able to say that they had already struck the target of souls set for them in connection with the big Siege. Newfoundlanders say emphatically, "Glory to God!"

52 52 52

'RAH, YE BRAVES OF THE STARS AND STRIPES!

WE heartily congratulate the following comrades who will remember the General's Visit to this continent in an especial sense, seeing it was the occasion of their promotion to a higher rank in the service: Majors to Brigadiers—Stillwell, Brengle, Marshall, Gifford, Miles, Caygill. Staff-Captains to Majors—Wood, Reinhardt, and Williams. Adjutants to Staff-Captains—Farris, McDouall, Gerberich, Racott, Kimball, Glassey and Allen.

SIEGE FIGHTING AT OLD NO. 1 CORPS.

Colonel Jacobs, Assisted by the Headquarters Staff, Spends a Rousing Week Night at Richmond St.

THE Chief Secretary is himself again, and hard at it. His latest move was to get something out of Headquarters Staff to turn out on a week-night and give old No. 1 corps, Richmond Street, a good rousing up. Sharp on time the opening song was commenced at the corner of two of the principal streets. The vim and life put into the singing quickly revealed to passers-by that something out of the ordinary was on. Adjutant Stanton took hold of the open-air. fervent prayers, red-hot words of testimony and exhortation, and bright, happy salvation singing made this meeting a regular old-timer.

As for the inside meeting, "out of the rut" is a phrase that may be used to describe its character. A quartette from the members of the Financial Department was singing decidedly new, though the refrain was old. The crowd present must have cheered the hearts of the comrades and Cadets belonging to that old battleground. Testimonies from different members of the Staff, including Mrs. Colonel Jacobs, Mrs. Brigadier Margretts, and Mrs. Major Smeaton, a solo from Brigadier Margretts, and the reading of the lesson by Captain Griffiths, the whole interspersed by hearty singing and pungent remarks from the Colonel, will give some idea of the style of the indoor meeting. A very solemn and impressive enrolment of recruits preceded the prayer meeting, which resulted in four souls kneeling at the penitent form. Yorkville is the next corps on the list to be visited by the Colonel and Staff.

IT WOULD BE A GOOD THING IF SOME OF YOUR HABITS STRAYED FAR ENOUGH TO BE LOST.

A LOVING AND LOYAL MESSAGE

To the Army's General at the Crystal Palace on May 9th.

A HUGE reception is being arranged for the General on his arrival in Britain. The building in which the British wing of the Army will receive its General is the famous Crystal Palace, which has been acquired for the day by the Army. It will be a memorable time. The following cablegram has been sent by our beloved Leader, the Field Commissioner, on behalf of the officers, soldiers and friends of the Army in this Territory, to be read to the General on this auspicious occasion:

"OUR UNDYING LOVE, UNBOUNDED GRATITUDE FOLLOW OUR GENERAL. YOUR HAND HAS LIFTED OUR FLAG TO UNPRECEDENTED HEIGHT. YOUR EFFORTS FOUNDED THE FAITH IN TEN THOUSAND SOULS. YOUR LOVE HAS BEGOTTEN LOVE STRONG AND ETERNAL. WE PRESS ON WITH DESPERATE DETERMINATION TO SEEK THE WORST. EVA."

WANTED—VOLUNTEERS FOR THE WEST INDIES.

An Appeal on Behalf of Cuba.

A PRESSING call has been sent out through the British War Cry from our International Headquarters, for volunteers for the West Indies. In the whole of the West Indies there are nearly 6,000,000 people, but only one Salvation Army corps to every 100,000 souls. There is an imperative necessity for the Army to give immediate attention to Cuba, in addition to the Islands where the British flag flies. The General wants to snatch this vast opportunity at once, and rapidly extend Army work in the West Indies. There ought to be many amongst our young people ready to go and deliver Cuba from spiritual bondage, as ready as are America's troops to go and set it free from oppression. The Candidates' call is still on. Don't delay. God's call and the General's comes to you through this appeal. "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" Address your reply to Miss Booth, Salvation Army Headquarters, Toronto.

The Army and the Spanish-American War.

(Special.)

Major Marshall and her Secretary, Captain Core, both of our New York Headquarters Staff, are starting for the scene of conflict between the American and Spanish forces. They will stop at Chicamauga, Tampa and Key West, carrying the Gospel of peace and love to the American troops encamped there. Should circumstances warrant, they are prepared to proceed to the thickest of the fray, lend a hand to the wounded and the sick, and point them to the Precious Lamb who was slain that they might live forever.

Another American Advance.

(Special.)

The latest Social advance is the taking of a large building in Boston for a superior kind of Working Men's Hotel. A license for one hundred and twenty-five men is to be procured. The charges for the house will range from 15c. to 30c. per night.

Californian Labor Colony Prospering.

(Special.)

The California Labor Colony, at Fort Rome, of which Mr. Winchell is Superintendent, is making excellent progress. Some thirty families, consisting of over one hundred souls, are now housed and happily at work. The irrigation pumping plant, which has been built by the colonists, is now in operation, and is supplying a sufficient quantity of water for irrigation purposes.

THE old ecclesiastical structure at North Toronto, which has done good, though somewhat ungainly service as a barracks for the Yorkville corps for the past twelve years, has been properly converted. With all truth it may be said of it, "old things have passed away, and all things have become new," the result being a commodious and convenient INDUSTRIAL HOME FOR WOMEN of a model type.

Viewed from the road the place would not be recognized as Yorkville corps' old barracks.

The fences separating the sidewalk from the bright green lawns on either side of the entrance path are gone. The cold, gloomy and forbidding appearance of the gable end, whose grey brick surface in corps days, faced the passers-by with frozen rigidity has

also become transformed—new windows, wide entrance, porch with glass doors, and a warm maroon wash over the old bricks having done wonders. Beauty may be only "skin deep," but in the case of that old wall it is vastly more desirable than the former ugliness.

Whoever enters the main entrance will find before them a spacious hallway extending through the entire length of the building. One-third of the distance down the hall on the left considerable space is occupied with a fine, wide staircase leading to the rooms above. Apart from this there are on your left first the Home Room, then, after the staircase way the nursery and the sewing room. On your right are the Reception Room, Office, the Dining Room, Pantry and Kitchen. Upstairs, extending like the top of a

Colonel Holland at the Colorado Colony.

(Special.)

Our late Chief Secretary, Colonel Thomas Holland, is personally directing the pioneer operations of the Colorado Colony. Quite an amount of hardships and difficulties have been encountered, but the Colonel may be depended upon to push things through to victory. According to the latest advices, forty persons had arrived, and we understand a Government Post Office belonging to the Colony has been instituted.

Another Social Colony in America.

(Special.)

There is every indication that a third colony further East may be established in the United States this Spring. Commander Booth-Tucker has had an excellent offer of both land and capital for a colony near a large city

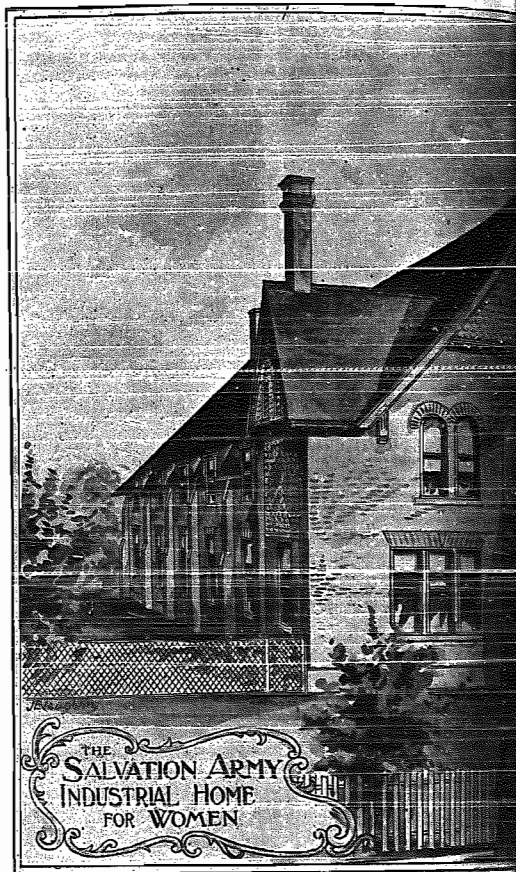
In the central States. Lieutenant-Colonel Holt has been sent by the Commander to inspect the land offered and confer with the gentleman who has made this generous offer.

Staff-Captain Minnie at Gravenhurst.

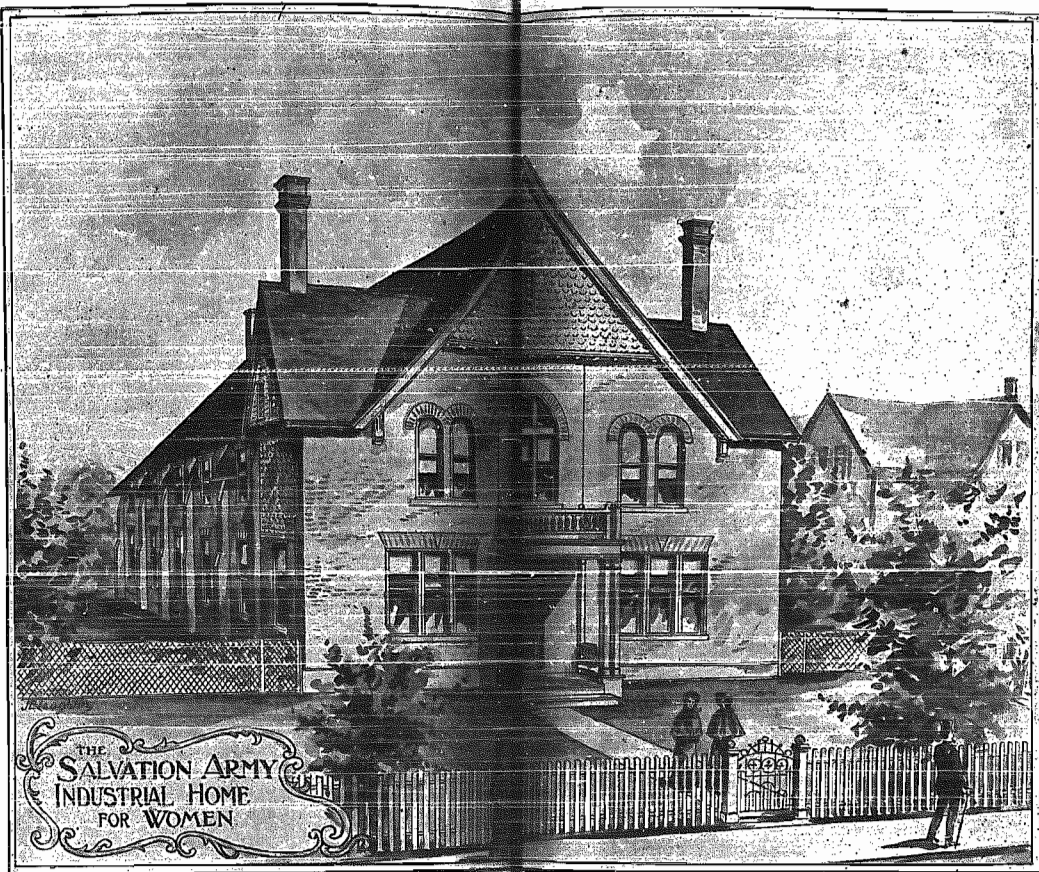
(Special.)

Saturday, May 7th, 7:30 p.m. Big crowd at open-air. Splendid attention. Over \$1.75 collection. 8 p.m. Barracks packed over 200 in. Great attention while Staff-Captain Minnie spoke on Salvation life among Londoners. Oh, my! how they laughed. Sunday morning, a private meeting with those recruits who were to be sworn in. Staff-Captain Minnie explained the Articles of War to them, removing prejudice and misunderstanding.

Sunday afternoon, impressive march. Twenty-seven Blood-and-Fire soldiers and recruits marched the street singing, "Till fight, I'll fight, I'll fight the battle through. God help them to."



The New Industrial Home for Women at North York, Opened by the Mayor on Tuesday, May 3rd.



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T across the building, are two bedrooms, one on either side of the Officers' sitting room, which has a delightful view of the ravine, known as "The Gorge." Going down the "T" from the top, in the same order as was done downstairs, are an officers' bed-room, children's hospital, children's bed-room, girls' bed-room. On the right officers' bed-room, large dormitory, small dormitory, bathrooms and lavatories for officers and girls. In the basement are large concrete-floored laundry, furnace room and trunk room. Everywhere the institution is light, spacious, airy, and has every convenience and comfort. The walls are wisely left unpapered, the woodwork is mostly painted a maroon tint.

Queried as to who did the work, Major Smeeton, Comptroller of Finance, said, "We told Architect W. R.

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"It is certainly hard to conceive of a more conveniently arranged Rescue Home. And the cost, Major?"

"\$4,257.69."

"Towards that you have —?"

"\$12 and some odd cents, collected by the city corps during last Self-Denial Campaign, leaving a balance of \$3,345.21. In addition to this, there is the cost of the furnishing, but that has been done from the Women's Social Department, and I have not the figures at present. \$43 was the amount of income at the opening on Tuesday. May 5th, that, of course, will lessen the balance a little more."

C.

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Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin, Assisted by Adjutant Stanyon, AT ST. CATHARINES

Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin and Adjutant Stanyon spent Saturday and Sunday with us. The Brigadier, although weak in body, was mightily used of God. Many who have slumbered and slept in a seeming unconscious state of mind, were awakened and caused to feel a keen sense of their soul's need. Mrs. Gaskin's singing and speaking, was greatly enjoyed. Adjutant Stanyon ably assisted, and his earnest warning of eternal danger, and

strong denunciation of sin, cannot soon be forgotten. Material results: Increased crowds, soldiers quickened and blessed, sinners mightily convicted, three seekers, income more than doubled after expenses were deducted.—A. R. Savage, Esq.

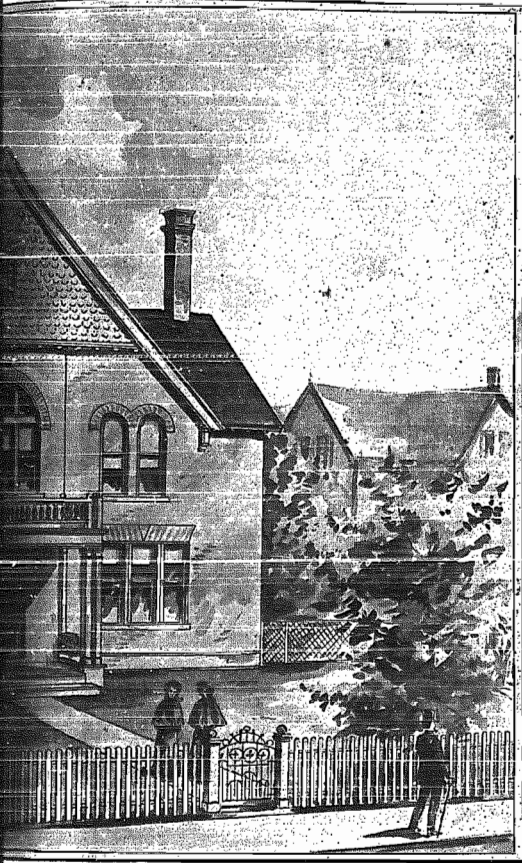
New Development in Newfoundland.

(Special.)

A Harbor Brigade has been formed by Brigadier Sharny, of Newfoundland. Hundreds of craft and steamers enter St. John's port during the summer months. They come from all parts of the world. A continuous effort will be made during their brief stay to win the sailors for Christ.

A member of the Klondike contingent writes: "McGill and Kenny have joined us here at Winnipeg. Two fine strapping fellows about six feet high, each of them. Our party is second to none now."

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MISS BOOTH

WITH THE
Klondike Contingent

AT
SPOKANE

Scores a Signal Triumph.

BY WIRE.

Field Commissioner with the Klondikers enthusiastically received. Excellent crowd at First Methodist Church, Dr. Cool, who acted as chairman, spoke in highest terms of the Commissioner's work. State Sunday Schools' Convention in progress at Spokane attended meeting; Commissioner devoted part of her address to children's work, which was much appreciated by Convention. Another successful meeting, notwithstanding war excitement and street fire-works.

BRIGADIER HOWELL.

THE VERY LATEST.

Miss Booth and Klondikers at Vancouver.

Tremendous crowds of people rolled up to the meetings. Campaign a huge success. Citizens stirred by Field Commissioner's address. Soul-saving power mightily present. Eight souls converted. Income over \$100. Tour from Toronto to Vancouver has been one great sweep of victory.

Newfoundland Provincial Officers Rushing the Fight.

(Special.)

Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp have had a stirring campaign in the neighborhood of St. John's. Barracks packed each night. 46 souls cried for mercy and 50 recruits were enrolled. An inspiring officers' meeting was held at Harbor Grace, at which officers received much blessing.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

Exploits.—Hallelujah! God is with us here. The past winter months have been a season of blessing to 35 souls have been saved. During the Siege 28 have knelt at the Cross for salvation. Our soldiers never tire." God bless them. Thirteen recruits ready for enrollment. More to follow.—Lieutenant Beaton, for Captain Bagges.

South Ontario Section.

Staff-Captain Hargrave.] [Crys, 2,250.

Oakville.—"Victory" is our motto. We are marching on in the strength of Jehovah. Sunday our meetings were indeed blessed of God. Many were troubled about their soul's salvation. We had the unexpected of seeing three fall at the Cross and cry for pardon, this makes four souls for the Kingdom since last report. The devil's mad and we are glad. Hallelujah!—Yours living at the foot of the Cross, Mary Stephens, Jess: McLennan, Lieutenants.

North Ontario Section.

Staff-Captain Minnie.] [Crys, 2,262.

Orillia.—"Our cry is victory. The Lord is working in our own. One soul on Sunday. That makes a total of four in two weeks. They are coming on dry bones.

Gravenhurst, Ont.—Staff-Captain and Mrs. Minnie and children, together with Captain Welch, arrived at Gravenhurst at 4:30 p.m. Met by officers. Meetings so far good. A fine crowd of men around the ring. Would make splendid Salvationists. Over 600 at indoors. One out on Saturday, two Sunday afternoon, two Sunday night, all for salvation. More to follow.—Helen Knarf.

THE PACIFIC.

Brigadier Howell.] [Crys, 3,485.

Sheridan, Wyoming.—This place has just been opened. God is for us. Good crowds. People extremely kind. Easter Sunday night we had with us the Rev. Mr. Johnson, Episcopal minister. May God bless him much. The Sheridan boys know how to sing. If only savages they would make good soldiers and Fire soldiers. God bless and save them is our prayer.—I. M. Gain, Lieutenant, for Captain Southall.

Roseland.—We are still marching on in this place. Can report victory—having souls right along. Farewell orders have come. Captain Fisher has gone to some other part of the field. God bless her in her new appointment. Captain Haas has taken charge. We gave her a hearty welcome. Another enrolment of soldiers. Converts are all taking their stand on the march and platform. Two souls on Sunday, one on Wednesday, one a sister who took her stand on the platform. We believe she is going to make a good soldier. We are believing in the time in this place.—R. Teasdale, for Captain Haas.

EAST ONTARIO.

Brigadier Bennett.] [Sales, 5,562.

Port Hope.—Praise God we are not dead yet, but in for victory through the Blood of Jesus. We had the joy in our Junior Soldier afternoon meeting of seeing three dear children kneel at the Cross and get saved. To God be all the glory.—J. S. S.-M. Thompson.

Peterboro.—We are having victory. Hallelujah! Sunday was a blessed day to our souls. One soul for salvation in the afternoon and six at night. Praise God! One Senior and five Juniors. Hallelujah! Some of our comrades went to open up an outpost on Sunday, and had a real good time to their souls.—Yours to win, Sergeant May Lang.

Barre, Vt.—On Saturday night the life of indolence, drunkenness and degradation was well pictured to the crowd of people who congregated to hear the address and to see the pictures drawn by Mr. Walter Thorp, the Secretary of the Y.M.C.A., Montpelier. Mr. Thorp is an able speaker and a good artist. His heart-searching truths



THE LATE MRS. LIDDLE.

and beautiful illustrations will not soon be forgotten by the many who were in attendance. Our prayer is that God may use his illustrated "War Cry" for the salvation of many souls. — V. H. Burrows, Ensign.

THE NORTH-WEST.

Major McMillan.] [Crys, 3,286.

Rat Portage.—Still pounding away at Redoubt. Hall crowded out every night. Collections good. Two souls for the week-end. Hallelujah!—Arthur Wilkins, Captain.



BROTHER BOWLES, Brandon
Collected \$72 for Self-Denial

Lishon, N. D.—Since last report we have had one convert. Hallelujah! and believe there are many more deeply convicted, although the war question takes their attention some.—War Cry Correspondent Cora Russell.

Valley City, N. D.—Once more we are able to report victory. We have met the devil on his own ground and since last report have taken five prisoners who are all progressing favorably, and likely to make good warriors for our King. Others are on the point of decision, and much interest is being taken in the meetings. We all say, "Hallelujah!"—J. C. H.

Brandon, Man.—We mean to fight and win. God was with us on Sunday, and the devil was defeated by six precious souls leaving his ranks and coming to Jesus. Hallelujah! Our God shall win. We have had our beloved Commissioner with the Klondike Party with us, and enjoyed their visit very much.—Yours in this great war, Trifloria.



BANDEMAN JOE PARKER,
Of Brandon. A member of the Fire Brigade, and a Blood-and-Fire Soldier of the Army. His last Self-Denial night netted \$150.

Calgary.—Still marching on to victory. Klondike Sunday we had Ensign Smith with us, and we also had \$25 to raise toward the Klondike Expedition. Ensign Hayes, amid many discouragements, had the faith that all impossibilities, and cries, it shall be done. Her faith and hard work were rewarded by getting the \$25. Last Sunday we saw one soul down at the Cross, and we believe he arose to take up his cross daily. He gave up his tobacco to Ensign who wouldn't sell it,

no, not for \$5, but gave it to the stove for nothing.—Yours in the war, S. McNelly.

Keelewin.—Last Sunday was a Klondike day. We went into the fight with all earnestness and God gave us a blessing, not only for ourselves, but He crowned our efforts by saving a backslider. When prayer meeting started, but he left us, and he turned all our infantry on him with the result that he landed in the Fountain. Meantime the Spirit had been working so hard that left the meeting in such a way that they had to come back, and one of them found grace at the Cross to work for the master, ending the day with two souls. Praise the Lord.—Cadet N. G. Halsten.

Larimore, N. D.—Victory! Victory! Three souls in the Fountain Sunday night. Many more under conviction. Praise God. Father Cook, of Gratton, was with us from the 20th to the 26th inst. He gave his experience from a child up to the present time. Told how he had served the devil for seventy years, when a little over two years ago he gave God his heart, and now he is bound for glory. God bless him. The barracks was packed full and many a tear brushed aside when they heard him tell what Jesus had done for him. Sergeant-Major Brander has returned from Fargo to help with the work. Captain Graham left for Fargo this morning to attend the Commissioner's meeting. Seventy-five War Cryes received this week and all sold.—Yours for the war, Jas. Coombs, R. C.

WEST ONTARIO.

Major Southall.] [Crys, 5,293.

Petrolia District.

We wheeled to Sarnia first, one of my old battalions. My 1st was a beautiful crowd around the open-air, and they kept up their reputation for giving you all you ask for. We asked attention and a good collection and we had the best. Then after some red-hot soup poured into the ranks of the enemy we proceeded to the barracks. Here another night gathering and an intensely interesting meeting. Ensign Scott has the hearts of the people, and they have hers. In the prayer meeting one dear brother who had been to the penitent form the night before, but was not satisfied he had got right, again pressed his way to the front, and this time he "got through." Hallelujah! We couldn't keep our feet steady and finally let them have their way, and indulged in the Hallelujah hop. Then next we called at Wyoming. Here we commissioned two local officers, and had a good solid salvation meeting, but no visible results.

Then Forest. What shall I say of the wonderful change that has come over this place, for Forest has had a revival since the line crossed the border. Captain Hollett and Lieutenant Burton the corps seems to have taken a new lease of life. Those eight recruits who stood up under the grand old colors, the yellow, red and blue, and pledged themselves to the Flag for warfare, was a grand sight. Comrades, be true to your vows. Keep humble.

Then the next day a load of us made our way to Thorndore for the Hallelujah Hop and Banquet. That was a beautiful tea, the long white tables with the snow white linen and the beautiful display of cakes, pies, etc., the finest Thorndore could produce, as though to show their appreciation of the Army there, for Thorndore does love the Army, and in the meeting afterwards we enrolled two soldiers and commissioned some local officers. Here Captain Blakeway is saying good-bye, and Lieutenant Gibson takes the reins pro tem.

Then we started home to Petrolia.

"There's no friend like Jesus,
There's no place like home."
Yours in the fight.—S. E. Ottaway.

Essex.—God has been giving us some good times here. Have had four souls the last two weeks and enrolled two new soldiers.—Captain J. Crawford.

Lintwell.—Marine Band with us on Wednesday night. Half full of course, and a good programme of music and songs given. Had a good week and one more soul. We are getting along. We give to Jesus glory.—Fred Burton, Captain, Fred Gatzke, Lieutenant.

Hesper.—Visited by Brigadier Marretts, also Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs. Everybody came to see them. On Wednesday night Adjutant Archibald enrolled a number of recruits as soldiers of Jesus, commissioned ten local officers, and two Juniors took their stand

as Junior Cadets. Captain Coy farewelled on Sunday. Meetings well attended. One wanderer came to Jesus. — W. H., for Captain Coy.

Palmerston.—The Lord is still blessing and helping us, notwithstanding the difficulties we have to face. But God is for us. He is more than all that can be against us. We are believing for victory. Keep believing.—Yours to win, Treasurer Cowan, Reg. Cor.

"Triumph.—God is still blessing our work. Saturday night one man who had been addicted to drink, came and knelt at the penitent form and cried to God for mercy. He rose to his feet and gave evidence that God had pardoned his sins. I enquired concerning his experience and found he had been a soldier a number of years ago. May God bless him and keep him true to God and the Army.—Yours under the Flag, L. G. Pynn, Captain.

THE EAST.

Brigadier Pugmire.] [Sales, 8,931.

Hullfax 1.—We are marching forward in the strength of Jesus. The Lord is blessing us in our souls, and is using us to bless others. Four souls sought the Lord on Sunday night. Hallelujah!—Treasurer Casbah. Later report tells of ten souls seeking salvation.—Ed.)

Canning, N. S.—Although we cannot report great victories from "this corps, yet we can praise God for some who have taken this stand for Him and are doing well. Last Wednesday we had a visit from Adjutant Hendricks and Sergeant-Major McElheney, of Windsor, also Captain Ryan, Lieutenant Nettling and soldiers of Beavertown, and we had a most enjoyable time.

St. Stephen, N. B.—Wholesale salvation again. A good day yesterday. Holiness minister with us in the afternoon. A rousing throng. Three at the penitent form at 1 o'clock. A man who was there in the afternoon came back at night with his wife and family (a baby and a little boy). When the prayer meeting began they came out, also a young man professed to get right. Our prayer is that they may prove their conversion real.—F. Clark, Captain.



NATTIE ROBERTS,
Champion Self-Denial Collector of St. George's, Bermuda, Corps.

Bear River.—God is blessing us very much in Bear River. Since last report two more have decided for Christ. One brother volunteered from the back of the hall. In giving his testimony he told how miserable he had been of late. Although he had made up his mind before he left home to get saved, the old devil whispered, "Get up and go home." Instead, he came to Jesus, and is now rejoicing in Him. The people are exceedingly kind to us. Order is good. Although we are believing for great victory. Lieutenant Selig is a hustler in War Cry selling. Sold out the first week—in fact, we had not a single copy to read during the week. Allen, Captain, Laura Selig, Lieutenant.

Annapolis, N. S.—We are still having victory. We had with us Tuesday, Adjutant Hendricks, our District Officer, Sergeant-Major McElheney, from Windsor. This is the second visit of our District Officer, adding soldiers to the roll each time, five being the number enrolled this time. Captain Allen, an old friend, and Lieutenant Selig, from Bear River, were also present. Many were heard to say, "This is like

old times in the Salvation Army." On Tuesday we had another successful Children's Jubilee, under the management of Captain Gratton and Lieutenant Sava. On Saturday we had one soul. On Sunday two, making three for the week and more to follow. Trusting in God for victory with Captain Gratton and Lieutenant Laws in charge.—M. R., Regular Correspondent.

London.—Since last report our hearts have been made glad while we knelt by the side of the poor sinner and backslider and heard their penitent cry, and we have every reason to believe that their cries reached the heart of Him who ever waits to forgive. A week last Thursday was announced as a Musical Meeting, at the close of which was a lemon pie social. There was a good crowd, good meeting, good pies and a good collection. Proceeds of the meeting amounted to \$46.20. Then the Dutch concert last Thursday night went with a swing, and delighted all who were present. God set His seal upon the meeting. Hallelujah. We are believing for still greater victories.—Yours to conquer, Mrs. Adjutant Coombs.



SERGEANT WICK AND SERGEANT L. CURTIS,
Of Valley City, N. D., two of our esteemed War Cry Readers.

Praise God because I am real well saved, and am more determined than ever to fight the battle through. Hallelujah! I love the dear old Cry, and mean to push them along.—Yours for God and the Salvation Army, Sergeant Lillian Curtis, Salvation Army, Mandan, North Dakota.

I praise God for victory in my soul. I love the dear old Cry and the Army and mean to follow on. I love the dear old War Cry.—Yours fighting for Jesus, Sergeant Mattie Wick, Valley City, North Dakota.

At the Toronto Asylum

The Salvation Army made a further advance on the line of Government Institution visitation on Sunday. By special invitation a service was conducted at 3 p.m. in the large, beautiful asylum in the Queen City. This is the first time the Army has held a meeting in this institution. About three hundred patients were present, and evinced deep interest in the proceedings, which were new to them. Mrs. Read read a Scripture lesson from Matthew 21, and spoke on the words, "And He said, Come." Adjutant Morris also sang and spoke. Adjunct Stanyon gave a short address. The Salvationists were delighted with this further extension of their opportunities, and the patients were most attentive and enjoyed the service thoroughly.

At Toronto's Penal Institution for Women.

Mrs. Read was invited to take charge of the Sunday afternoon service at the Mercer. The League of Mercy conducted a meeting in this Prison every Monday evening, which has been very beneficial to the prisoners, and productive of very satisfactory results. Sunday afternoon the Ministerial Association arranged for a service. This courtesy on the part of Rev. Dr. Frezzel was therefore much appreciated by the visiting officers. The meeting was held in the chapel, and a very interesting hour and a quarter was spent. Captain Hart and Captain White, assisting by short addresses and solos. The women-prisoners listened appreciatively and joined most heartily in the singing.

OUR WAR SELLERS

Pugmire Takes a Mighty Leap—Hargrave, of the Central, Opens Many Eyes—West Ontario Takes Third Place.

STILL ON THE RISE—THIS WEEK'S TOTALS: HUSTLERS, 148; SALES, 7,115

EASTERN PROVINCE.

Hustlers, 45, —	—Sales, 2,721.
Capt. Johnston, Yarmouth	200
Leut. Cowan, Halifax (av. 2 wks)	172
Capt. Horwood, Charlottetown (av. 2 wks)	165
Sergt. McQueen, North Sydney	150
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John	110
Leut. Annie Hutt, St. Stephen	105
Capt. Amy Brown, Pictou	101
Mrs. Ensign Fraser, New Glasgow	100
Adj. Aikenhead, Halifax I.	94
Capt. Penny, New Glasgow	90
Sergt. Alice Lyon, Pictou	86
Capt. Goodwin, Halifax I.	82
J. S. Sergt. Waughan, Charlottetown (av. 2 wks)	75
Mrs. Capt. Thomas, St. John I. (av. 2 wks)	66
Sec. Ellis, Charlottetown, (av. 2 wks)	64
Leut. Sells, Digby, Pictou	60
Sergt.-Major Carr, Windsor	60
Leut. Clark, Windsor	55
Leut. Macdonald, St. John	55
Capt. J. W. Clark, Fredericton	50
Capt. Thompson, Lunenburg	50
Capt. Bowering, Sydney	48
Sergt. Moore, Windsor	47
Sergt. Irons, Windsor	45
Sister Maggie Graham, Charlottetown	40
Sergt. Mary Lyon, Fredericton	40
Mrs. Capt. Bowering, Sydney	40
Cadet Smith, Fredericton	40
Sister Minnie Smith, Windsor	39
Capt. Jennings, Chatham	39
Leut. Hudson, Chatham	35
Capt. Hayman, Moncton	35
Capt. Percy, Moncton	31
Adj. Miller, North Sydney	30
Capt. Fancey, Parrsboro	30
Capt. Matheson, Parrsboro	30
Leut. Gray, St. John	30
Sister Blakeney, Moncton	28
Sister McFarlane, Moncton	27
Mother Ensign, St. Catharines	25
Sergt. A. Tilley, St. John (av. 2 wks)	20
Sister Maud Beatty, Fredericton	20
Mrs. Adit. Croft, Fredericton	20
Sergt. Rogers, Windsor	20
Bro. Betts, Moncton	20

CENTRAL ONTARIO.

Hustlers, 37, —	—Sales, 1,182.
Cand. Mrs. Skeddin, Hamilton I.	125
Sergt. Pearce, Temple	94
Bro. Allen, Lippincott	90
Capt. Stolliker, Riverview	50
Leut. Marshall, Oswawa	43
Sergt.-Major Bowler, Lisgar	40
Adj. Galloway, Cereuse	40
Ensign Savage, St. Catharines	37
Sergt.-Major Bowler, Lisgar	35
Cadet Jackson, Lippincott	35
Sergt. Lambton, Lippincott	32
Bro. Dixon, Temple	32
Mrs. Stevens, St. Catharines	32
Leut. Russell, Riverside	31
Bro. Small, St. Catharines	30
Mrs. Capt. McLeiland, Yorkville	27
Sergt. W. Stevens, Riverside	26
Leut. Lewis, Cereuse	25
Mrs. Gilks, Yorkville	25
Sergt.-Major Donaldson, Lisgar	25
Sister Owens, Temple	25
Cadet Fletcher, Lippincott	25
Chas. C. Gooda, Social Farm	22
Cadet Wadge, Lippincott	22
Sister Simpson, Yorkville	20
Capt. Carl, Lippincott	20
Sergt. Annie Stekler, Lisgar	20
Sister Brans, Hamilton I.	20
Sister Hamilton, Hamilton I.	20
Mrs. Arms, Hamilton I.	20
Mrs. Passmore, Hamilton I.	20
Mrs. Guthrie, Hamilton I.	20
Bro. Ross, Hamilton I.	20
Mrs. Thatcher, Hamilton I.	20
Ceo. Stanton, Hamilton I.	20
Mrs. Datter, Hamilton I.	20
Bro. Ham, Temple	20

EAST ONTARIO.

Hustlers, 25, —	—Sales, 1,572.
Capt. L. Wilson, St. Johnsbury	150
Ensign Walker, Belleville	140
Sergt. Mrs. Duddley, Ottawa	100
Leut. Tuck, Montreal II.	90
Leut. L. W. Smith, Ottawa (av. 2 wks)	75
Capt. Jones, Burlington, Vt.	75
Capt. Downer, Burlington, Vt.	75
Capt. Chappell, Riverview	75
Sergt. Perkins, Barre, Vt.	65
Sergt. J. Verrier, Ottawa	65
Sister Hamilton, Ottawa	65
Mrs. Barber, Kingston	65
Mrs. Simmons, Kingston	65
Leut. Norman, Quebec (av. 2 wks)	65
Ensign Parker, Quebec	65

ENSIGN EDWARD JAMES FLETCHER AND LIEUTENANT ELEANOR ABBOTT MADE "MAN AND WIFE TOGETHER"

BY COLONEL JACOBS AT THE TORONTO TEMPLE.

A Big Time—All the Army World and His Wife Present—One Soul Seeking Salvation.

Time: About 9 p.m., of Thursday, May 26, 1898.
The Temple, Toronto.
Toronto Salvationdom is gathered together, from the Chief Secretary to the ex-Salvationist, who, having left us still loves us, and turns up for "special guests" by the hand.

All eyes are focussed at one central point of the platform, where beneath the drop of a Blood-and-Pine Flag, Colonel Jacobs, arrayed in the brightest of most brilliant red, has two young officers by the hand.

Then is heard the following declaration:

"I CALL UPON THESE PERSONS HERE PRESENT, TO WITNESSES THAT I, EDWARD JAMES FLETCHER, TAKE YOU, ELEANOR MARIA ABBOTT, TO BE MY LAWFUL WEDDED WIFE, AND MY CONTINUAL COMRADE IN THIS WAR: TO HAVE AND TO HOLD FROM THIS DAY FORWARD, FOR BETTER FOR WORSE, FOR RICHER FOR POORER, IN SICKNESS AND IN HEALTH, TO LOVE AND TO CHERISH, TILL DEATH US DO PART, ACCORDING TO GOD'S HOLY ORDINANCE: AND THIS I DECLARE UPON HONOR, AS A TRUE SOLDIER OF JESUS CHRIST."

The bride enters into the same solemn undertaking.

Interest increases.

He finds a bit of yellow metal—the kind known Klondike way—and slips it over the third finger of her left hand, without any hitch. He is slightly nervous. The bride appeared to be unmoved.

Then the following statement: "I PUT THIS RING UPON YOUR FINGER AS A CONTINUAL SIGN THAT WE ARE MARRIED UNDER THE SOLEMN BLESSING OF GOD. THE DAY GIVEN, TO LIVE FOR GOD AND FIGHT IN THE RANKS OF THE SALVATION ARMY."

Edward James Fletcher and Eleanor Maria Abbott are married.

Colonel Jacobs grasps the right hand of each, looks them together, holds them in his own, and in loud tones declares:

"IN THE NAME OF GOD AND THE SALVATION ARMY I DECLARE YOU TO BE MAN AND WIFE TOGETHER, WHOM GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER LET NO MAN PUT ASUNDER."

Voileys!

Congratulations.

Emersonian bouquets of white flowers to the bride.

"Mrs. Fletcher," is mentioned.

Chief Secretary Jacobs laughing happily himself, shakes hands with the couple, congratulating them, first for himself then for the people present.

Then the father of the bride, Adj. J. P. Fugher, who has stood by the bride throughout the happy occasion.

Ensign Fletcher stretches himself easily in a chair, by Mrs. Fletcher's side.

With a decidedly married air.

Cablegrams and telegrams are produced from Ensign Fugher, Mr. Fugher, Klondiker, King, Gontig, "Irish," Fugher and Shea, Adj. T. M. Hughes.

"Your loving brother Will," Sister Abbott, "Alice," the bride's parents, Ensign Sims, and then just as the congratulatory messages were being laid aside after having secured a very interested hearing, a Cadet strides down.

West Ontario.

Hustlers, 25, —Sales, 1,085.

Cadet Fife, Windsor

Mrs. Ensign Walker, Belleville

Leut. Dora, Riverview

Mrs. Adit. McAmmond, Kingston

Maud Dine, Kingston

B. McNaney, Kingston

Leut. H. G. Montreal II.

M. Wilson, Ottawa

A. Alessworth, Kingston

Adit. F. McAmmond, Kingston

Bro. Harvey, Darre, Vt.

F. Hunt, Ottawa

S. Dolphin, Kingston

Sergt. Root, Belleville

WEST ONTARIO.

Hustlers, 25, —Sales, 1,085.

Cadet Fife, Windsor

Mrs. Ensign Walker, Belleville

Leut. Dora, Riverview

Mrs. Adit. McAmmond, Kingston

Maud Dine, Kingston

B. McNaney, Kingston

Leut. H. G. Montreal II.

M. Wilson, Ottawa

A. Alessworth, Kingston

Adit. F. McAmmond, Kingston

Bro. Harvey, Darre, Vt.

F. Hunt, Ottawa

S. Dolphin, Kingston

Sergt. Root, Belleville

the middle aisle, makes straight for the Chief Secretary, raises his hat. "What's the matter?" says the Colonel. The Cadet puts in his hand a piece of paper, yellow color, red-tipped at the ends.

The Colonel bursts open the paper. Having "God blessed" all the senders of previous wires, he devotes a double portion of devout expressions to the sender of this wire.

"Who is it from?" cries the Colonel. He reads:

"New Whatcom.

"To Ensign Fletcher.

"God make your union a blessing to heaven and a terror to hell. May it give you both every holy joy.

F. D. COMMISSIONER."

(Voileys of "Amen's" both for the Commissioner and her message.)

Following the reading of the telegrams, comes a volley of Ensign Fletcher from Brigadier Gaskin in a speech which excites roars of laughter, a stirring piece of war music from the Star.

Adj. Adams, and Agnes L. Page, who acted as best man and bridesmaid. Then the second reading of the wedding—few words from the bride and groom.

An old adage has it that "the course of true love never did run smooth."

It has been so in this case. For years the young couple have loved each other and have not been able to get the tender passion between them by means of love letters, with one exception, and that was when Ensign Fletcher paid a visit to his father-in-law, and secured the consent of the bride's parents to the marriage.

Now the happy consummation has been reached, both bride and groom are full of praise for the way God has led them.

When the bridegroom came to the front to give his wedding address, there was as great a round of applause as that which greeted the Chief Secretary when he came to the front—(it will be remembered, perhaps, that this was the first public meeting the Chief Secretary has held at the Temple, explaining the Friday night holiness meeting)—which produced from the bridegroom the exclamation, "If it's MY WIFE you want to hear, say so."

Reviewing the course of the way, he could not but admit as he had said to his wife when she arrived, "God is in it all." He loved the fight, and would not the better than ever now, because he had someone to help him. God had put the crooked things straight for him. He felt now he was actually a Christian.

ever, and seeing that this was the Siege month he especially desired to see some souls saved.

Mrs. Fletcher was well received and spoke interestingly and effectively. She mentioned that she first went to the Salvation Army with the late Mrs. Fugher. She did not like her first sight of the Army, nevertheless, God spoke to her through it that night, and told her He desired to have her as an officer in the Army. That was nine years ago. She had found it hard to leave her home, but she had found it hard to count of her love for her husband, but out of love to God. To-night she was very, very happy. Prayed that God would use her as an officer in the Army. She should be GOD FIRST. She thanked the officers for the right down good counsel they had given her, and said she felt she had come amongst friends.

Colonel Jacobs and Brigadier Gaskin then pitched in for souls, and one man came forward.

Sergt. McDougall, Goderich

Capt. F. Young, Riverview

J. D. Andrews, Berlin (av. 2 wks)

Ensign Scott, Sarnia

Sergt. N. Horwood, London

Leut. Hockin, Sarnia

Mrs. Martin, St. John

Adj. Coombs, London

Sergt. Schuster, Berlin (av. 2 wks)

Sister N. B. W. W. W.

Sister Brindley, Goderich

Sister Knuckel, Goderich

Capt. McCutcheon, Goderich

Sister N. B. W. W. W.

Mary Jane Fritchley, Linton

Bro. Norfolk, London

Adj. Taylor, Windsor

Sergt. F. Palmer, London

Mrs. Scott, Guelph

Mrs. Capt. Stote, Guelph

Leut. Gatzke, Lestwell

Leut. Galt, Sheridan

J. S. M. Hart, Wingham (av. 3 wks)

Annie Thompson, Sarnia

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

Hustlers, 5, —Sales, 314.

Adj. Scott, Billings, Mont.

Sergt.-Major Fentie, Great Falls

Leut. Meekins, Lartion

Ensign May, Missoula

NORTHERN ONTARIO.

Hustlers, 4, —Sales, 128.

Capt. Slater, Orillia

Leut. Meekins, Lartion

Mrs. Dyker, Orillia

Capt. White, Winton

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

Hustlers, 4, —Sales, 115.

Leut. Anderson, Larimore

Sergt. Lillian Curtis, Mandan

Capt. B. LeDrew, Brandon

Leut. B. Clark, Brandon

Oh, what a surprise! We trust the fiery Pugmire's desperate leap will not prove too great a shock for the calm temperance of East Ontario host.

There is great talk of invasions, bombardments, enemy's positions, etc., but while others have talked the Maritime hero has acted, and how! He has acted on him. If P. might have dared, he would venture the humble suggestion, "Ye Eastern braves, take heed! What you have still to do is to fight, especially with such opponents as Bennett and his warriors of the East Ontario Province.

The news of an increase in number of hustlers and sales comes with refreshing sweetness to the heart of the sometimes languishing F. P.

Why cannot all our hustlers partake in the feast. It is the taste of bitter in what would be the otherwise all the should take the North-West and Pacific should take as poorly in the great spread on the hustlers' family table. eye ye backward once, draw up your chairs, take a hearty share.

Well done, Hargrave! But, say, does this mighty move of yours mean a challenge to your brother of the North? Say, ye bold bravos, do. Scat, scot thou thy adversary's mite? Shall it be allowed to lie undisturbed? Never! Call out the clansmen of the North! Let them hear the shriek of the pibroch, and then to battle.

As an instance of pure disinterestedness the following is hard to heat. A certain corps' doctor has two officers filled with such zeal and determination to "sell out" that in their fervish actuality they have forgotten to save one for themselves to read. You mustn't do that again, comrades. 'Tis a pity to forego such a treat.

F. P. takes his seat very low down and covers himself with dust and ashes at the remembrance of his sins. Write soon, dear Captain, and tell F. P. he is forgiven for crediting the North-West with your corps' hustling efforts. I will never do it again.

We have received a number of names of hustlers whose totals scarce reach the number of twenty, and consequently cannot take their place with the number of twenty, and consequently you have their name blazoned on our Honor Roll? Just make your total twenty, comrades, and the thing is done.

Has harvesting started so soon, or have all our North-West comrades gone home to grub their Province makes such a poor show?

The weapons of our warfare are not carnal but spiritual, so our Pacific braves, ye gentle braves, have no battle with Spain. Oh, for the hastening of the day when peace shall reign, and awards be beaten into ploughshares, and spears into pruning hooks. Hasten that day by hustling the Cry, and then give us a chance to rejoice with you, by forwarding the result of your hustlings.

A Word in Earnest

"The sufferings of this present world are not worthy to be compared with the glory that is to be revealed."

That all our hustlers may share in it, is the prayer of

Yours affectionately,

FOUNTAIN PEN.

LIFE AND LABORS OF James Dowdle COMMISSIONER.

A Biography.

CHAPTER XII.

Farwell to Middlesbrough—Opening of Leeds—A Canon Consecrates a Tent—Leeds Fair—The Slaughter of the Innocents—The Building of the Tabernacle—The Work at Bradford—At the Parting of the Ways.

WHEN the police at Middlesbrough saw some of the most notorious characters, who had given them no end of trouble, transformed into God-fearing, law-abiding citizens, and walking in the ranks of the Salvationists, they showed their gratitude and appreciation by being very friendly towards the movement, and exerted themselves on all occasions to protect the "Dowdles," and also to guard their privileges.

"Quite a museum might have been formed," said the Commissioner, "of the feathers, flowers, pipes, tobacco-pouches, snuff-boxes and cigar-holders, given up in the meetings—either before or after their owners had found salvation."

At the end of eighteen months, and towards the end of their stay, the following conversation between two rowdies was overheard:

"Bill, dost thou 'naw th' Dowdles be gaining awa'?"

"O! Wher the be gaining to then?"

"O! dinna naw, but I 'spect tha be gaining to Bradford t' open a shop wi' the Frairals and Beecy

The Frairals and Beecy

gilen up t' meetings."

The Dowdles did pass on to Bradford, but not until the work had taken root at Leeds, where many signs and wonders accompanied the preaching of the Gospel. A tent, with a good open-air stand in front, erected, and arrangements were made for a public opening on the Sunday. The Saturday previous, the Leeds Fair (Canon Jackson), a godly, and at the same time a popular preacher, paid a visit to the tent. After looking round, he knelt upon the platform and commended the work contemplated by the Salvationists to God, and further showed his hearty co-operation by donating ten pounds worth of chairs towards seating the place. Not long after this same clergyman met the Dowdles in the street, and, taking them each by the hand, said, "Not a day passes but what I pray for you both—that God may prosper your work and give you many souls."

Leeds Fair happened to be in full swing when the Dowdles pitched their tent, and came over to assist with the open-air rinks and processions—being a novelty to the Leeds Fair.

Friendliness seemed to be a special form of vice in Leeds, and thousands never went to any place of worship. Scores of these now looked to the tent, and at the end of the first month the Dowdles were able to report

One Hundred Cases of Conversion.

The first to get saved in the tent was a married woman, who straightway became a home missionary; she first prayed her unsaved husband out of the public-house, and then to the penitent form, where he got gloriously saved.

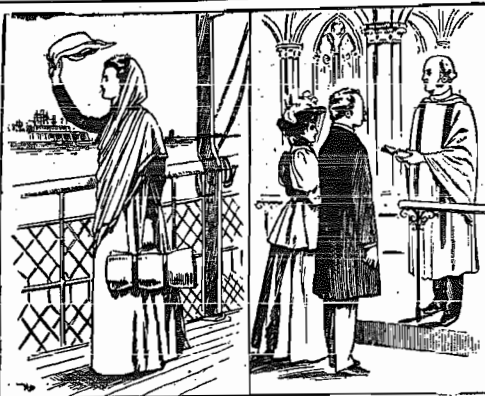
A poacher, dog-fancier and desperate character, generally known as Leeds Fair on a spree. When he saw the tent he mistook it for a drinking-booth and went inside. After he came out again, God met with him, he thought himself the chief of sinners, and longed to kneel at the Mercy Seat, but felt

He Must First Make Repentance.

He accordingly went home and confessed to his wife how often he had deceived her and in many ways broken the laws of God. After a second visit to the tent, he went home and said, "I've gotten saved to-night, lass," after which he began to pray for her. "A slaughter of the innocents" was the next event—his nets and dogs were got rid of, and he went in earnestly for the salvation of his old mates.

The wife's conversion did not tarry, and the ex-poacher's home became one of the happiest nooks in Leeds.

A wooden tabernacle, capable of seating six hundred, was erected on the site occupied by the tent, and the Rev. William Booth conducted the opening services. In this tabernacle scores of souls were saved, and, ac-



Faithful: India.

The Sisters—

Unfaithful: Marriage.

According to James Dowdle, "there was not another such

Congregation of Vagabonds

in the Mission."

The next day another inroad was made upon the devil's territory. A large circus, capable of holding four thousand persons, was taken for Sunday. The place was filled, and in the spacious ring, where six elephants had been standing on their heads the night before, some twenty men and women knelt on the sawdust whithering over their wasted, wicked lives and crying to God for mercy. Clowns and horse-riders looked on in amazement, and the proprietors of the circus became uneasy and refused to renew the agreement. They stopped the work of God in the circus, but

The Devil's Trade no Longer Prospered;

they were obliged to close the place and "move on."

The work at Leeds having taken root, the Dowdles passed on to Bradford, the town to which they had been set apart at the last conference. The opportunity presented by the larger town had induced them to tarry by the way, but their mission being fulfilled they prepared to spend themselves upon the equally prosperous town of Bradford.

A "Theatre of Varieties," capable of seating two thousand persons, and well situated for attracting the devil's dupes, was taken and the fight began. The population consisted chiefly of working people who never entered a place of worship; glaring gin-palaces, dancing saloons and gambling dens opened wide their cruel mouths, and many and ingenious were the devices employed to induce the people to enter these gates of hell.

Saturday nights, especially, the devil and his agents held high revel. Men and women fought and cursed each other, yet all agreed in parting with their money to those who

Trafficked in Human Souls

and grew rich upon their follies. In spite of all the traps laid by the devil, however, many brands were plucked from the burning.

"I should have been in Armley Jail had it not been for a friend bringing me to the meeting," said a young wo-

man one evening; "now I am saved, happy in my soul, washed in the blood of the Lamb."

The Holy Ghost was present in more than usual power in the open-air meetings, sinners wept aloud, in spite of themselves, as one and another told in simple language what God had done for them. Some who came to laugh, remained to pray, and scores followed to the theatre and sought the pardon of their sins.

Amongst the converts were two sisters, who became earnest workers—ultimately candidates for the work. They both heard the call and said, "I go, Lord," but only the elder of the two remained faithful, she being among the first party of officers sent to India. After winning many victories and many souls for her Saviour, she died triumphantly, and surrounded by some of

Her Dusky-Yaced Converts.

whose deep hearts' gratitude and devotion seemed, for a little space, to hold the ravished soul back from the Pearly Gates swung wide to receive her emancipated spirit.

The other sister suffered herself to be persuaded into marriage with one who, while he professed to be saved, had never felt the burden of souls or seen

The Necessity for Self-Sacrifice.

They were married, and, continuing to walk in self-chosen ways, lost sight of the Cross altogether. The husband backslid completely and took to drinking and gambling, and in the pursuit of these vices neglected the wife and broke the heart he had sworn to cherish.

Ten months after her marriage, the one-time earnest worker lay upon her death-bed bitterly conscious that the prize for which she had sold her Lord had never been hers, and that no one about her would miss her when she was gone.

"I see it now," she said, "I chose the wrong path.

I Wanted the Flowers,

but I have only found a cross too heavy to be borne."

"Take up thy cross," the Saviour said, "If thou wouldst my disciple be."



Faithful: Victorious Death.

The Sisters—

Unfaithful: Dying Unsaved

Sometimes men step aside and try to wrestle with a cross which was never intended for their shoulders.

(To be Continued.)

COMING EVENTS

Major MacMillan, Accompanied by Musical Troupe,

Will Visit

CARBERRY, May 17, 18.
VIRIDEN, May 20, 21.
BRANDON, May 22, 23, 24.
RAPID CITY, May 25.
MINNEBODA, May 26, 27.
NEEPAWA, May 28, 29.

Mrs. Brigadier Reed's Campaign in Eastern Province.

Woodstock, Wednesday, June 1; Frederickton, Thursday and Friday, June 2, 3; St. John, N. B., Saturday, Sunday and Monday, June 3, 4, 5; Moncton, Tuesday and Wednesday, June 7, 8; Amherst, Thursday, June 9; Spring Hill, Friday, June 10; Halifax, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, June 11, 12, 13; Dartmouth, Tuesday, June 14; Windsor, Wednesday, June 15; Truro, Thursday, June 16; New Glasgow, Friday, June 17; Nova Scotia, Saturday and Sunday, June 18, 19; Sydney, Monday, June 20.

Englen Kenning.

PENBION PAUL'S, Saturday and Sunday, May 21, 22.
LINDSAY, Monday, May 23.

STAFF-CAPTAIN MINNICE

will visit

the following corps and conduct special meetings: LINDSAY, May 21-23; Penbion Paul's, May 24-26; New Glasgow, Current, June 6, 7; North Bay, June 8; Amherst, June 9; Pelly Sound, June 10; June 11, 12; Collingwood, June 19 to 21.

Captain Welch will assist at Gravenhurst and Lindsay, and will also have a trade stall for the sale of Ice-cream's merchandise.

C. B. M. Prov. Agents' Appointments.

ENGLISH SIMS, — Deseronto, May 20, 21, 22; Pleton, May 23, 24; Bloomfield, May 25; Trenton, May 26, 27; Brighton, May 28, 29; Cobourg, May 30, 31; Port Hope, June 1; Millbrook, June 2, 3; Peterborough, June 4, 5, 6; Lakeside, June 7.

CAPTAIN COLLIER (Corrected)

Wingham, May 23; Teeswater, May 24; Peterborough, May 25; Brantford, May 26; Listowel, May 27; Palmerston, May 28, 29; Cliford, May 30; Walkerton, May 31; Drayton, June 1; Rothsay, June 2; Mulph, June 3; Galt, June 4, 5, 6; Preston, June 7; Galt, June 8, 9.

ADJUTANT HAY—Livingston, May

20, 21, 22; Helena, May 23, 24; Great Falls, May 25, 26; Kailispe, May 27, 28.

ENGLISH PERRY—Freeport, May 21,

22, 23; Tiverton, May 24; Clark's Harbor, May 27; Yarmouth, May 28, 29; Digby, May 30; Bear River, May 31.

WANTED.—A home for a bright little boy three years of age, who is homeless through the death of his father. For particulars write Mrs. Read, S. A. Temple.

PRISONS AND HOSPITALS.

WILL ALL SALVATIONISTS THROUGHOUT THE TERRITORY WHO VISIT PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS, SUCH AS PRISONS, HOSPITALS, POOR HOUSES, ETC., WHO DO NOT REPORT THE SAME TO T. H. Q. WRITE TO MRS. READ, SECRETARY FOR THE LEAGUE OF MERCY WORK.

C. T. Jacobs,
Chief Secretary.

LOANS! LOANS! LOANS!

ANY PERSON HAVING MONEY TO INVEST would do well to write to Territorial Headquarters with interest for large or small sums. Particulars can be had from STAFF-CAPTAIN SHAW, Cor. James and Albert Streets, Toronto.

SONGS

A Splendid Solos.

Tunes—Jesus, Saviour, pilot me; Rock of ages (B. 129). I a soldier sure shall be (B. 6).

1 Holy Spirit from above,
Messenger of peace and love,
Grant just now my heart's desire,
Fill me with Thy graceless fire,
Wondrous gift of God sent free,
Glory Thyself in me.

Greater love hath not been shown,
Grace abundant, yet unknown,
Blood that cleanses from all sin,
Purifies the soul within;
Priceless, precious One in Three—
Glory Thyself in me!

Endless joys I now behold,
Dearest far than earthly gold,
Purchased by Thy love Divine,
Love that never will decline,
Thine eternal I will be,
Glory Thyself in me.

Ben Siole, Guelph.

The Story of God's Love.

Tunes—We have no other argument (B. 7); I do believe, I will believe (S. M., 1, 124).

2 I lived in sin for many years,
And walked the downward road,
Till Jesus stopped my mad career,
Removed the heavy load.

Chorus.

Now let the Saviour do for you
What He has done for me,
He'll change your life and make it new,
And give you liberty.

The sin that caused the blood to flow,
Which Jesus shed for me,
Held down in chains my sin-stained soul,
And made me wicked be.

But now I am a child of God,
I know He cares for me,
And by His help I'll follow on
Till in eternity.

Sergeant Aaron Tilley.

GOD MAY CAST HIS CHILDREN
DOWN, BUT HE WILL NEVER
CAST THEM AWAY.

To the Rescue.

Tunes—Come, let us join our cheerful
songs.

3 Far down below, midst tears and
woe,
The dying millions lie;
Oh, save them, O Father, from to go?
For them did Jesus die.

Chorus.

To the rescue we'll go,
To save the dazed and save the dying;
To the rescue, to the rescue,
To the rescue we'll go!

The signal's given, 'tis heard in heaven,
From souls about to die,
The Spirit's striven, God's Son is given,
To the rescue with Him fly!

Oh, save! Oh, save! They are near
the grave,
They tremble on the brink;
Our God in pity waits to save;
Go tell them they are sink!

Colonel Lawley.

A Song of Triumph.

Tunes—Whosoever will may come (B. 3), 223.

4 Come, join a song of triumph,
Jesus lives to give salvation,
He will break every chain,
He has come to free the nation.

Chorus.

Whosoever will may come,
And who comes to Him shall never
be disappointed turn away,
Praise the Lord, it's whosoever.

Over mountain, hill and valley,
Over land, and sea, and plain,
You will find our Army songsters
Singing out the glad refrain.

Have you come before and faltered,
Lung beneath the tempter's snare?
Don't despair, there'll be a welcome,
Jesus lives to answer prayer.

Staff-Captain Turner, Spokane.

Tunes—Innocents (B. 123); Christ
receiveth sinful men; Depth of
mercy.

5 When thy mortal life is fled,
When the death shades o'er thee
spread,
When is finished thy career,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?

When the world has passed away,
When draws near the judgment day,
When the awful trumpet shall sound,
Say, oh, where wilt thou be found?

When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might,
When the wicked quail and fear,
Where, oh, where wilt thou appear?

What shall scathe thy bursting heart
When the saints and thou must part?
When the good with joy are crowned,
Sinner, where wilt thou be found?

THE INDUSTRIAL FARM.

A visitor to the Farm writes to the
War Cry as follows:

Toronto, May 2nd, 1898.

In consequence of two visits to the
Salvation Army Farm—one about
eleven months ago and the other about
five weeks ago—I deem it my duty to
bear my feeble testimony to the good
work being done there. I would say
some reasons why it should be supported.
A visit to the Farm is all that is re-
quired to answer the unreasonable and
unreasoning prejudice entertained in
some quarters against the Salvation
Army methods. "By their fruits ye
shall know them."
The Farm is situated about eight
miles out Yonge Street, consists of
about 400 acres, and has a complete
outfit of machinery, stock, etc.
I met, what and whom did I meet
there? Adjutant Dodd is in charge—
a gentleman of whom the neighbors
speak in the highest terms, and whom
the laborers on the Farm characterize
as a firm, kindly man, and whom I
would pronounce well-fitted for the
task imposed on him. I would say
some concerning his subordinates. Cap-
tain Hanna and Captain Jones.

A word in reference to the men
who try into the hands of the officers
under? Some of them, certainly, were
or had been, poor fellows "down in
luck." It would be indecent curiosity
in me to pry into the antecedents of a
man, when he himself wishes (say,
from self-respect) to conceal or to
forget his antecedents. However, let
us know behind the scenes. I would
say these men and the influences brought
to bear on them by the angels of
mercy in the Salvation Army. I had
planner and supper with them, and can
say that they had plenty of clean,
nutritious food, and they appeared con-
tended and happy. And why should
they not? Plenty of pure air, deligh-
tful farm scenery, and abundance of
sound with food. I never ate a meal in
a hotel with a room greater than that
which I ate on the Salvation
Army Farm.

But there was something better than
all this. I found that friendly counsel
was given to these unfortunates by
men well qualified to give it, that good
example was set to them, and that
self-respect was instilled into them.
To be brief the Salvation Army acts
upon the Apostolic precept, "Show me
thy faith by thy works." At the same
time, while kindness is the law of
intercourse between the officers and
the men, and the men are made to see
that it was kindness tempered with
firmness and common sense. In other
words I would not like to be guilty of
flattery and self-praise, but I would
say that the officers both the nerve and the brain
to deal summarily and properly with
ungrateful or refractory characters.
That the God of Truth is evident
from the testimony of such of the
neighbors as I heard speak of Adjutant
Dodd. All that I can say is that I
prejudiced against the Salvation Army
is that he visit the Farm and reflect
for a moment on the great gain (eco-
nomic and moral) to the community
if habits of honesty, industry, frugality
and sobriety are fostered and per-
manently fixed in persons not hitherto
noted for such habits. After such visit
I am sure that due allowance will be
made for the malignity or stupidity of
those who are critical and hostile to
Salvation Army methods.

Yours respectfully,
ALEX. D. CRUICKSHANK.

FAITH DRIVEN INTO A CORNER
IS SURE TO FIND GOD THERE.

QUARREL NOT WITH GOD'S UN-
FINISHED PROVIDENCES.

HELPS FOR J. S. WORKERS.

The Power of Unbelief

Mark vi, 1-6.

AFTER the miracles recorded in the
Gospel Jesus went into His
own country, followed by His dis-
ciples.

Teaching in the Synagogue.

On the Sabbath day He began to
teach in the Synagogue.
In order to add to the interest of
this lesson and give a clear explana-
tion of the order of the service in the
Synagogue, the company leader should
look up "Bible Helps." This will be
especially helpful to the elder Juniors.

The Crowd was Astonished.

Many hearing Him were astonished.
Jesus had lived thirty years at Nazareth—
He was well known by everybody
—had doubtless worked at the carpenter's
bench, and all people had known
who He was. This visit was made after
He has been away and done wondrous
things. See how He is received! The
Synagogue full of people, He preached
with Divine wisdom and Divine
power. They were willing to give Him
credit for possessing wisdom and
wonderful mighty works, yet could not
understand how it was He who had
been but a common carpenter, and had
only received a home education, could
teach the people so powerfully, to re-
fuse to believe in Him, and to be in
prejudice against Him, and rejected Him.
How differently the world treats
its heroes! What preparations are
made to give honor to those who have
distinguished themselves on the
field of battle or in other ways. Illustrate.

Show that Jesus by the very fact that
He taught the people to rebel, to re-
fuse to honor on those who earn their
living with their own hands. Idleness
is not good for anyone. The Jews were
very wise in this particular, that their
young men who were designed for
scholars were put to some trade, that
they might have something to do, and
if need be, to get their bread
with. Paul, who was educated at the
feet of Gamaliel, was a tent-maker.

Christ Unjustly Treated.

The treatment Christ received was
unreasonable and unjust, but He did
not appear in the least put about it.

What were the causes for this kind
of treatment? "Familiarity breeds
contempt." He did not know Him as
a man who had not come from the
best family? Was not His advance-
ment as their inferior the cause of their
envy? He understood them well.

No Mighty Works.

He could do no mighty works
because of their unbelief. It would
have tended to promote the interests
of His kingdom to show forth His
mighty power, hence He only healed a
few.

The Centurion (Matt. vii, 10) is a
wonderful example of faith in Christ.
The woman of Samaria received the
truth eagerly, and they know Him as
a special people, rejected Him and His
sayings. To give them more evidence
of His Messiahship will only add to
their damnation, so He did no mighty
works there.

Unbelief causes Jesus to marvel.
The attitude of unbelief to God is
unreasonable. He has kept His word.
Illustrate by Bible examples. Noah
built the ark, and God told him to do so.
He had believed them around him
the ark would never have been built
and he would have perished. God
said, "Seed of man shall I give thee,"
and it has never failed to come.

Illustrate the sin of unbelief by
present day facts. Unbelief is criminal.
The man who says, "I will believe if I
see it," is a man who says, "I will
believe if I see it." It is a man who
saith not God, maketh Him a liar." It
spoils a man's prospects for heaven,
and it is assuredly the way down to
eternal death.

The Power of Faith.

Faith is a very great essential to
successful work. Faith in God has
moved mountains.

Are we any better than the Nazarene
Jews? The same spirit that
prompted them to reject Jesus prompts
people now. The message of salvation
has become so familiar that now
they are very ready to believe in Him
on the part of those who know as much
about Jesus. To neglect Him is to
reject Him. Let me illustrate this in
a very simple manner. Suppose I
offer you a \$5 bill, and you do not hold
out your hand to take it, is not that
rejecting it? Whatever else you fail to
do, accept Christ by faith now.

MEMORY TEXT.

"And He went round about the vil-
lages teaching."

MISSING.

To Parents, Relations and Friends:—

We will search for missing or run-
away relatives in any part of the
globe, befriend, or assist, if possible,
wronged, women or children, or any
person in difficulty. Address, COMMIS-
SIONER E. J. B. 300TH, 16 Albert St.,
Toronto, Canada, and mark inquiry
on the envelope.

If possible, send fifty cents to defray
a part of the expense. We will be
We will be if our Officers, Sol-
diers and Friends will look through the
Missing Column regularly, and if they
see any cases which they could help
us with, we would be pleased if they
would do so.

First Insertion.

3029. JOHN DICK, of Toronto, Can-
ada. Last heard of paying a visit to
Glasgow, seeing his uncle, Robert Dick.
During his stay he called at the Salva-
tion Army offices, where he made a few
purchases for friends in Toronto, who
were connected with the Army. Was
well acquainted with the Salvation
Army. His elder brother is George
Dick, who is a mason or stonemason
by trade, whereabout to S. B. A.
Inquiry, Toronto.

3032. EDWARD HAYTER, Age 27,
height about 6 feet, dark complexion,
native of Trinity, Newfoundland. Last
heard of June, 1898. Was then in Bos-
ton, U. S. A. His mother is very an-
xious to hear from him. Address, In-
quiry, Toronto.

3034. ADAM RYAN, who worked for
Hon. Jas. A. Smart, Brandon, Man., in
August, September and October, 1898.
One of the men who worked with him
at that time would like to communicate
with him. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

3036. JOSHUA HARTWOOD, Age a-
bout 30, height 5 feet 10 inches, New-
foundland some time ago. He was
in New York. Address was 176
West Street. His sister enquires. Ad-
dress, Brigadier Sharp, 4 Brazil Sq.,
St. Johns, Newfoundland.

Sergt.-Major F. E. Shea—Sister Smith—
United for the War at Woodstock, N.B.

Best Yet—Nothing Like It Ever in Town

Woodstock, N. B.—On Thursday
evening, April 28th, the Town Hall
here, which is our Army barracks,
presented a very gay and lively ap-
pearance. That something unusual
was going to happen was evident by
the flags flying at the different win-
dows, and the crowds that were flock-
ing to the central place—the hall itself—
said. Soon the brass band made its
appearance on the street followed by
a numerous company of soldiers, and
after parading the town made their
way back to the hall, which by this time
was filled to overflowing with the finest
audience ever seen in the building.
The music opened the meeting by
singing out, "There is a Fountain filled
with Blood," followed by prayer and
another song. He then called upon
H. J. Stepler, of the 1st Battalion, for a
speech, which he rendered with guitar accom-
paniment, after which Ensign Hugh
read a portion of Scripture, and calling
upon the contractors to stand up, and
forward, read the Articles of Marriage,
which, needless to say, both parties
readily assented to. The ceremony was
performed by the Rev. Mr. Rutledge, who
in his part, he then handed them over
to the tender mercies of Rev. Mr. Rut-
ledge, who neatly and expeditiously
adjusted the "binding twine" of prayer
and to the two were made one. F. E.
Shea, the "perpetual motion" man—then
said, "I have just seen the light, and
hear it nearly all over the building."
The audience cheered. The Rev. Mr.
Rutledge then addressed the
company. He said, "I have seen a
runny things. Ensign called upon
a candidate for marriage," so he said.
Captain Stepler, who managed to get
through, especially, they tried to give
the married one some counsel. Mr.
speeches followed. Then the bride-
groom, not a bit nervous, said, "I am
happy to see you here, and as a
soldier," which he certainly is. Mrs.
Shea followed with a neat speech. Such
a huge crowd no chance for prayer
meeting, especially, they tried to give
the married one some counsel. Mr.
speeches followed. Then the bride-
groom, not a bit nervous, said, "I am
happy to see you here, and as a
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EXPLORING ARIZONA FOR OUTRIDER OPENINGS.

By JOHN MILSAPS, Major, editor of "Frisco Cry."

DO you like to see a country where everything is different from what you have been accustomed to seeing?

Such a country is Arizona. Look at those tall, ghost-like sentinels of the desert on yonder slope, with here and there an arm projecting from the thick, green trunk. They are leafless, and not thornless.

What are they? Cacti. What is that Salvationist looking at so attentively?

Why, a bush whose leaves are thorns—Oh, cruel points that will pierce, you like so many needles.

These thorns make us think of Jesus, because just such thorns pierced His beautiful, patient brow. This is the crucifixion or rather crowning thorn, and nowhere else on earth does it grow (we have been informed) outside of Palestine, save alone in Salt River valley, Arizona. That is why we are so interested in that ugly plant, because

Just Such a Chaplet Did the World's Lord Wear

when He became in man's stead the world's Redeemer.

Why should we not then think of Jesus when we gaze at the armed plant? Did He not suffer to prevent us from suffering the penalty of sin?

Well, the crowning thorn is only one species whose name is legion in Arizona. There we find thorns and thistles, spears and points and vegetable dangers of many varieties.

And then well matching the weird vegetation, we find in animated nature, scorpions, centipedes, tarantulas, venomous rattlesnakes and gila monsters. Then, too, as a proper home for such vegetable and animal life, we find a vast wilderness of arid mountains and plains, with a fierce sun overhead in summer-time, beating down pitilessly upon the strange land.

And the inhabitants, how about them? They are odd. The Apache Indians are

The Most Unattractive of Their Kind.

Do whites live in such a country?—Oh, yes, and are attached to it. They would rather live there than anywhere else.

Arizona has been inhabited from old times. The ruins of prehistoric races point back to a period when these deserts supported multitudes. Where are they now? That is the question.

We might ask the question of the mute walls of the cliff dwellers high up in the steep bluff, but they would not answer us back. A few scattered tribes are all that time has left us as a legacy linking the past to the present.

The Arizona hills so naked and bare, hide much treasure of gold and silver and copper. Rich mines have been developed and population has clustered around the lodes and ledges of mineral, following the tide of life into these inhospitable wastes came the

Salvation Army Yaguard.

God owned their labor and a prosperous corps at Phoenix stands to-day a living witness of successful work.

On this account the writer and English Charles Taylor devised more than a month to exploring the territory for eligible outrider centres, so that the Gospel of the Almighty Christ could be preached to every wanderer in mining camp and secluded valley.

Successful? Yes. Twenty-three souls in four days for salvation, and ten for sanctification. If meetings held, 6,000 people reached, and 2,726 miles travelled give an idea of what the ex-

ploring tour meant. Some one may say they have seen greater results. So have we, but not in Arizona.

He had been a Christian in good church standing, but fell away from his Master. It happened in this wise. While en route to Boston to attend a convocation with a party of seventeen Knights Templar, two trains stopped at Green River, a town in Wyoming territory, his train Eastbound, the other Westbound. On the latter Commander Booth-Tucker and the Californian War Cry Editor was travelling. The Salvationists held

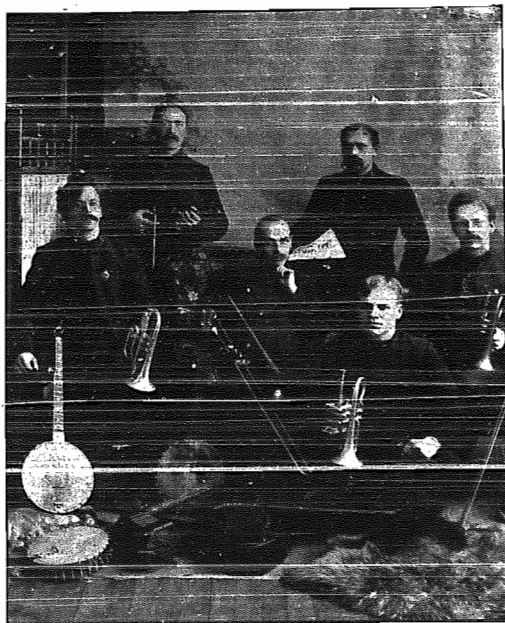
An Open-Air on the Depot Platform.

He, of the Knights Templar, felt that he should identify himself with the two men, to witness for Christ, but fearing the ridicule of his fellow-travellers he shrunk out of sight. From that day he began to go down and lost his salvation. He was wretched without his Saviour. In that condition he wandered into the Phoenix, Arizona, Salvation Army Hall, far from Green River, but seeing one of the two Salvationists (the Editor) brought back the past and what he had lost.

Result: He ventured to Jesus, was pardoned, and his backsliden heart changed.

In Arizona are many wanderers for whom Christ died. Such the outrider work seek to bring into the fold.

(CAPTAIN WILKINS AND THE CADETS RECENTLY IN TRAINING AT RAT PORTAGE.)



Lieut. Kiel. Captain Wilkins. Cadet Anderson. Cadet Emberson. Cadet Herringsham.

MAJOR BUGH'S WAR MEMORIES.

The Capture of the Skeletons at Whitechapel.

WHITECHAPEL, England, has, for generations past, been noted as a rough place, especially for any one preaching righteousness.

When I was stationed there, we had a regular organized army of young fellows, who fully meant to put out the light of the Salvation Army. They had rooms at the public-house, near by our hall, and met several times a week, to make plans and talk over what they must do, also to put words to our tunes and practice them over. They had a banner like ours, with the motto in the centre, "Be just and fear not." Their songs ran like this:

"So we'll lift up the banner on high, The opposition banner of love, We'll fight beneath our colors till we die, Then go to our home above."

and.

"There's a golden harp in glory, There's a spoolless rope for you, March with us to the hallelujah tripe-shop, Two-seventy-two Whitechapel Road,"

and many more such like song.

They generally gave us a good rough handling on Sunday afternoon in the open-air, and at night our open-air rings were broken up again and again. Hata lost and spoiled, and often we came into the barracks all sorts of colors, covered with flour, soot, etc., but in '81 the New Year came in on Sunday, so that the watchnight service was on Saturday night, and after the watchnight service some of the young converts came and asked that they might be allowed to spend the remaining hours till morning knee-drill, in prayer in the barracks. A soldier, who is now Lieutenant-Colonel Lindsay, and another who is now Major Edwards, of Australia, were amongst the young converts who applied.

I consented, and at 6 a.m. Sunday morning Lieutenant-Colonel Lindsay came around to fetch me for knee-drill. He was shouting happy, said God had assured them they should have

SOME ARIZONA CACTI.

had properly taken hold of him. I shall never forget that night. The congregation rose en masse. Some thought these fellows were only mocking, others thought them sincere, but the roughs from the back crowded up the aisles, and we were in danger of a riot at the penitent form. They hissed like serpents at the step the skeletons had taken, but we started another prayer meeting at the back of the barracks, and soon three young women were down crying for mercy there. This balanced matters up a bit, and drew some of them back to see what was going on there. After they had all professed to get through we had a proper hallelujah wind-up.

One of our soldiers rejoiced at the thought of her youngest son being saved amongst the skeletons at the front, and while she was rejoicing over this the comrades came up, who had been having good times at the back of the hall, and behold the three young women were her daughters. They had often tried to get her to leave the Army, as they were dress-makers, and thought they would do more business if she would leave the Army. Now they were saved in the Army, and it was more than the poor woman could bear—she danced, cried, laughed, nearly all at once, but the word of the Lord had free course from then, and there was never such fierce opposition after. Many good officers were the outcome of that Sunday's work. I never knew them as soldiers to fear to march to the roughest part of Whitechapel after we ones captured them. Some time after I went back to the farewell tea of my successor (Staff-Captain Gregory) the skeleton banner was given up, and burned that night. Hallelujah!

W. B.

Diamond Dust

PROVIDENCE PROVIDES FOR THE PROVIDENT.

NO ROAD IS GOOD IF IT LEADS TO A BAD END.

DO AS YOU PLEASE, BUT PLEASE TO DO RIGHT.

TO CHANCE HEAVEN IS TO LOSE ALL CHANCE OF IT.

MIGHT MAY BE RIGHT, BUT RIGHT MUST BE MIGHT.

YOU MAY AVOID GOD, BUT YOU CANNOT EVADE HIM.

GOD PROMISES A SAFE LANDING, BUT NOT A CALM VOYAGE.

GOD DOES NOT SUFFER HIS CHILDREN TO SUFFER FOR NAUGHT.

LIQUOR TALKS LOUDEST WHEN IT GETS LOOSE FROM THE BOTTLE.

THE BEST OF MEN MAY FALL, AND A FALL IS OFTEN BEST FOR MEN.

THE THING WE LOVE BEST IS NOT ALWAYS THE BEST THING TO LOVE.

THE ONLY NOBLE FEAR IS THE FEAR OF BECOMING IGNORANT.

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CROWNING THORN BUSH.

Salt River Valley, Arizona.

